The Nation

Vol. CVIII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1919 No. 2808

The Week

THOSE who read and accepted at its face value Mr. Lloyd George's bland denial of any knowledge of the Bullitt mission to Russia, ought to know that Mr. Bullitt took breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George the morning after his return from Russia to Paris, and that Mr. Lloyd George is as thoroughly familiar with the Bullitt report as are the members of the American peace delegation. In fact, it may be quite possible that he has given more time to this report than President Wilson could afford. Tales of the President's inaccessibility in Paris multiply as the days go on. It is reported through an authentic channel that in order to get facts before the President, it is often necessary for American intelligence officers to take their information to the British intelligence department, whereupon the report is immediately taken to Mr. Lloyd George, who brings it to the attention of the President at the next conference of the Big Four. Mr. Wilson never had a liking for raw facts, and it is easy to understand his annoyance in Paris, where facts of the rawest nature must abound. It is easy, also, to understand the falsification of Mr. Lloyd George in the matter of the Bullitt report. In fact, he carries the point much further, and denies that the Soviet Government has ever made "approaches of any sort or kind," except "what has appeared in the newspapers." Since the Allied and American Governments will not receive representatives of the Soviet Government, and since the approaches of the Soviet Government "in the newspapers" have been addressed directly to the Allied and American Governments, and since these approaches have been seven or eight in number during the armistice period, and since they have repeatedly expressed a willingness to come to terms, to cease the campaign of international propaganda, and to take up the Russian debt, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Mr. Lloyd George is rather deliberately tampering with the record. But the Bolsheviki seem to be a patient folk, and perhaps they can better afford to wait than Mr. Lloyd George can afford to tell the truth.

THE Nansen project for feeding Russia appears to be the main result of the Bullitt mission, and bids fair to have an interesting career. In a manly letter to the Big Four, Dr. Nansen outlined the terrible situation in Russia and suggested an acceptable method of relief through neutral agencies. The Big Four replied with still another sanctimonious profession of impartiality in the internal affairs of Russia, made it a cardinal item of the project that the Soviet Government cease fighting, and told Dr. Nansen to go ahead. As all the fighting in Russia is being done either by Allied and American troops or by counter-revolutionary troops instigated, financed, and supplied by the Allies (according to the frank admission of Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on April 16), it is difficult to see how the Soviet Government can cease fighting until the Big Four call off their dogs. The project for relief through neutral agencies probably was entered into with the thought of saving face if it were found necessary finally to deal with the Soviet Government; but in the meantime there is a fair chance of utilizing it to supply the counter-revolutionists and starve the Bolsheviki. Talk of the recognition of the Kolchak Government appears suspiciously in the news of the day. The Bakhmeteff-Sazonov group in Paris have concocted a new plan for the recognition of a dozen or fifteen *de facto* Governments in Russia which are loyal to the Constituent Assembly. We predict that the Nansen project will go the way of the Prinkipo proposal. If it were not so terrible, it would be highly amusing and instructive.

THE reported opposition of the British Labor party to the Paris plan of a League of Nations is serious, not so much because of the delicate state of party politics in Great Britain as because the objections which are being urged are inherently substantial. The Paris scheme, it is pointed out, is undemocratic in that it provides for a league of Governments rather than for a league of peoples. It does not give to the legislative departments of its member states the selection of delegates or representatives, nor are the latter responsible to any popular chamber for what they do. Instead of opening membership to all the nations that are willing to come in, it limits membership to those which the charter members are willing to receive, and in particular excludes the Central Powers until they have reformed to the satisfaction of the victorious Allies. In these respects the League becomes essentially a diplomatic agency by means of which the Big Four, with the aid of such lesser states as may be induced to take their point of view, can control the affairs of the world. Further, the Paris scheme does not provide for general disarmament or the abolition of conscription, nor for the ultimate freedom and independence of colonies, nor for the removal of selfish and discriminating tariff barriers. Even if the failure to include also effective provisions for the international safeguarding of labor rights—a point upon which labor parties generally may, of course, be expected to lay stress—be passed over, it ought to be apparent that these objections go to the heart of the matter, and that they are not to be brushed aside by fine words about the high motives of the contracting Powers, or by the flippant charge that the British Labor party is playing politics. Substantially the same objections are being urged in France and Italy, and by influential labor groups in this country and Canada. What is now to be feared is that the people, once the peace terms are made known, will interpret the League of Nations plan in the light of the international settlement of which, according to Mr. Wilson, it is an integral part; and that, if the peace terms are as undemocratic as the League, the whole idea of a League of Nations will be discredited.

THE seriousness of the break in the Paris Conference over Fiume is not easily recognized by a public opinion which has received only the scantiest news from Italy throughout the armistice period. The Italian threat in Paris is variously reported as a bluff, as an ultimatum, and as a final severance of relations; its real significance, however, lies in the unhealthy state of Italian opinion at

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home. During the past three months a revulsion of feeling toward France has been rapidly spreading in Italy. The conservative press, adopting an apparently inspired tone, has been suggesting that the traditional enemy of Italy is not Austria or Germany, but France; and that it is France and no other nation which has all along blocked the attainment of Italy's aspirations at the Peace Conference. Talk on the streets of Rome and Milan runs constantly to the effect that Italy will soon be forced to fight France, that the next war is to start across the Alps, and that there is little doubt of the ability of Italy to win this war.

IT is not easy at the moment to do justice to Japan. Not only will the rejection by the Peace Conference of the Japanese demand for the recognition of race equality help to preserve and intensify in Japan all the resentment which has properly followed the policy of race discrimination in the past, but it is particularly humiliating because of the effective aid given by Japan to the Allies during the war. If ever Japan deserved well of the Allied nations or any of them, it has been during the past four years; what the Peace Conference gives it, however, is another open slap in the face. We are not so enamoured of the Monroe Doctrine, even under its new international sanction, as to regard the possible acquisition by Japanese subjects of a small piece of land in Mexico as a menace to American peace and safety; while as regards the recurring charges of Japanese intrigue in Lower California or other Mexican provinces, the source and animus of those incitements to anti-Japanese agitation are well known. In other respects, however, the situation is very different. The uncompromising demand of Japan for Kiaochow, for the Caroline and Marshall Islands, and for the control of certain Pacific cables; the insulting and preposterous demands upon China, coupled with threats of force if the demands are not complied with; the charges of brutal conduct on the part of Japanese soldiers in Siberia, and of secret understandings with the Russian Government while ostensibly opposing it; the revelations of what has been going on in Korea and now the secret treaties with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia all combine to place Japan in a light very mildly described as unfavorable. Whatever the motives or conduct of a Government as a whole, its character, in the opinion of the public, is largely determined by its policy or acts in particular instances. There can be little question but that the course which the Japanese Government has for some time pursued in China and Korea will more than offset any sympathy which Japan has received on account of its rebuff at Paris, and any gratitude anywhere for its support of the Allies during the war. If Japan desires to enjoy, either in this country or abroad, good repute as an honorable or unselfish Power, it will lose no time in abandoning its claims to Kiaochow and to interference in Chinese affairs, will wash its hands of the Russian adventure, and will give to Korea the self-government which the people of that country appear to want.

ONE of the best informed American journalists in Paris has sent disturbing news to confirm our recent analysis of tendencies in the Mexican situation. In French and British Government circles, it seems, the talk runs that America is to be asked to take a mandatory over Mexico. A competent observer who returned last week from France tells us that this suggestion had begun to crop out long ago; when the announcement was made in New York of the formation of the international bankers' committee for the protection of foreign investors in Mexico, men of understanding in Paris wagged their heads and said that now America would be forced to take action; and a little later the brilliant idea of the mandatory under the League of Nations was thrown out as a cloak to fit such cases. Now that America has demanded recognition of the Monroe Doctrine in the League of Nations covenant, an objection to accepting a mandatory over Mexico would be seriously compromised; and the demand for action in that quarter has come into the open. If America insists on a League of Nations, and insists also on the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, let her look after Mexico. From the standpoint of imperialism, there is logic in the argument. Our weakness is that we have entered at all upon imperialistic ground. Could any situation show more clearly that the League of Nations, as at present covenanted, is nothing but a new Holy Alliance, and that a mandatory under the League of Nations is only a wolf in sheep's clothing?

THE report that after five months of armistice, 1,701,000 American troops have been mustered out, shows how far we have still to go. Not that we would criticise—we would only urge the authorities to make even greater haste, particularly in bringing home the soldiers still in France. Everybody who returns from Paris brings reports of the steadily growing nostalgia and demoralization of the army which did so wonderfully well while hostilities were still on. Nothing could be more trying than the lot of our troops who are still near the fighting zones or in the great concentration camps in France. They have little entertainment, still less opportunity for sports. In many places the mud has made drills and manœuvring impossible. Under the circumstances the men, billeted in homes that are often distasteful to them and in which the language difficulty makes a real *rapprochement* impossible, find life extremely irksome. That Satan has discovered as yet so little for these idle hands to do is really remarkable, but he has found enough to bring deep concern to all in authority at Paris. The newly acquired German ships will help the case, so that from June on 300,000 men a month will return, but even that is not enough; the entire American battle-fleet ought to be at this task with skeleton crews. They could never perform a service more useful. Some battleships have already been used in this service, but every large vessel should be similarly employed. Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to record with what safety and comfort and good fare the men are being returned. There have been complaints in Canada, but none here. Especially admirable is the part the navy is playing in this transportation problem.

THE expected backflow of aliens to Europe has already assumed large proportions, and the savings bank section of the American Bankers' Association has undertaken a "stay at home" propaganda in consequence. Although this eastward current of migration was forecast by the trans-Atlantic steamship companies as early as the first year of the war, the bankers have made the astonishing discovery that it is "due to Bolshevist propaganda." The misguided foreigners, we are told, are being "enticed" to go back home by appeals to "return to your native country and enjoy free land, only five hours a day work, no compulsory military service, and unrestricted personal liberty." But while the bankers are trying to persuade the aliens already here not

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to desert us, the trade unions and Congressmen are planning, through the prohibition of all immigration over a period of years, to prevent any others from coming in. Meanwhile the central principle of the whole matter is forgotten. If we will only create and maintain conditions of political and economic freedom in our own communities, and, in addition, build up a rich and wholesome cultural life, we may let the movement of population take care of itself. The ordinary play of economic forces will adjust the supply of workers to the need for their services.

THE New York Legislature of 1919, just ended, is written down as a failure by most of the daily papers; yet it deserves to be long remembered for its authorization of Sunday baseball and moving pictures, subject to the option of localities. For this step toward a Sunday of recreation and healthy social enjoyment let us be grateful. When one remembers what a New York Sunday was like in the early eighties, without Zoological or Botanical Gardens, or museums, or lectures, or golf, or motoring, and with no choice except that between Central Park and the pavements, it is easy to understand that for the masses, whether they went to church or not, it was hardly a day to look forward to. Some of our readers will remember the fight which had to be made to open the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday. The mere suggestion was greeted with horror—it was the opening wedge for a "Continental Sunday." Puritanical church-goers even looked askance in those days upon the throngs in Central Park. But golf and the motor have played a great part in educating the public, and so at last we have an end to the situation under which the boys who played baseball in every vacant lot were subject to arrest for pursuing this most innocent amusement. Just as soon as it no longer involved social ostracism to play a game of tennis or sail a boat or play golf on Sunday, it was inevitable that legal restrictions would have to be removed.

IT goes without saying that the Victory Loan will be fully subscribed. For one thing, the management of the campaign is mainly in the hands of those who managed the campaign for the last Liberty Loan, and that means not only familiarity with the technique, but an invaluable experience of what methods are good and what are worthless. Moreover, the loan is a good investment, even if no patriotic element entered into the matter; and the twenty-odd millions of men and women who are reported to have subscribed to previous loans, and who have thereby, in many instances, taken the first step toward acquaintance with public finance, will undoubtedly be disposed, in considerable numbers at least, to add again to their interest-bearing savings. Happily for the public, if not for the Government, no question about the propriety of the war or the goodness or badness of the way in which it has been conducted enters into the consideration of the present loan: this is a peace loan, the Government needs the money, and what is needed must be forthcoming. It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that the campaign will not be characterized by any of the harsh or mistaken methods and appeals which have attended some of the Liberty Loan sales, and that no man's standing as a citizen or a patriot will be put in jeopardy if he uses his own judgment as to whether or how much he shall subscribe. The Victory Loan campaign can, if its managers so choose, be made a real campaign of education—of Americanization, if you please—by explaining in detail to the people just how the previous loans have been expended, and precisely why it is that, although hostilities have mainly ceased, a loan so large as the Victory Loan calls for is still needed. Those who believe, as the *Nation* does, that a Federal budget system is one of our greatest needs, cannot do better than to take advantage of the present loan campaign to spread a knowledge of the limitations and defects of our present financial methods, and of the advantages which a budget system offers. The more intelligent public discussion there is of Federal finance in general, the better for the Victory Loan.

THE news of Dr. Gore's resignation of the bishopric of Oxford will at first come as a shock to those who have followed his career as bishop successively of Worcester, Birmingham, and Oxford, and especially to those who were privileged to meet him or to hear him speak during his recent visit to the United States under the auspices of the Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War. But, on second thought, and in the light of a passage in the letter of resignation which he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, many will be disposed to admit both the wisdom and the righteousness of Dr. Gore's decision. "My main motive," he wrote, "is the conviction which has been growing in me for some time that the best way in which I can use the rest of my life for the church and other causes in which I am deeply interested is by seeking such leisure as would enable me to do serious study and to write something better than little books, and I hope to have the opportunity of more continuous preaching and speaking than my present position makes possible." A prophet in the true sense of the word, it would be a calamity indeed if Dr. Gore remained in a situation that took him away from his special work of writing and speaking and bound him to the duties of confirming, consecrating churches, and presiding over endless committees.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gives more than a hundred concerts every season, at home and in other cities. To rehearse and conduct them requires all the time and energy of a strong man. Henri Rabaud, who has been at the head of this famous organization during the season just closing, has been duly impressed by this fact, and as he is more interested in composing (his opera "Marouf" is in the Metropolitan's repertory and his symphony has been played here, too) he has declined a re-engagement, and the directors have chosen for his successor Pierre Benjamin Monteux. Many will regret the retirement of M. Rabaud, who gave admirable readings of French masterworks, and interesting ones of the German classics, in the interpretation of which latter, however, he displayed a singular conservatism. The choice of M. Monteux as successor may seem odd, inasmuch as he first became known in this country as a conductor of ballet music. But it was ballet music of a superior kind, including such masterworks as Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and "L'Oiseau de Feu," as produced by the Ballet Russe. In Paris he began as a viola player in the Colonne Orchestra, and also got experience at the Opéra Comique. Later, he conducted the "Concerts Monteux" at the Casino de Paris on Sunday afternoons. During the present season he has had charge of the French operas at the Metropolitan in this city. He also conducted in Carnegie Hall the first two concerts of the Boston Orchestra—an ungrateful task, as there were some thirty new members, few of them equal to their predecessors.

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The Truth About the Peace Conference

IT has, of course, been everything but a peace *conference*. So far as the word is concerned, it is a palpable fraud upon the world. A small executive committee, first of ten men, then of five, then of four, has been parcelling out the globe in sessions so secret that their closest associates, the members of their own delegations, have not known what was going on. The very existence of this committee is the result of an arrogant, unauthorized assumption of power, for never and nowhere did the conference endow Messrs. Wilson, Orlando, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George with the authority to transact all the business and come to all the decisions. The Germans need not complain if they are arbitrarily summoned to Versailles and told to take the treaty and sign it without discussion. They are only in the same category with all the various Allied delegates to the "Conference," except four. The Allied delegates, too, will be told, in the language of one of our captains of industry to his stockholders, to "vote first and discuss afterwards." Of all the groups of unemployed workers in France, none is so deserving of sympathy as the lesser delegates. Statesmen like Venizelos—and there are a few statesmen in Paris whatever the appearance to the contrary—have been graciously permitted to appear as expert witnesses whenever the question of the boundaries of their countries was to be considered, but not otherwise. They are now informed that the treaty will be published on April 24, and that a complete copy will be handed to the Germans on April 28. Between those dates the puppets who are officially styled delegates will be given a chance to ratify the treaty, but that is all. They are to bow to the superior knowledge of the Big Four with the same obedience, the same abnegation of their reasoning faculties and of their consciences, as if they were the willing tools of a Tammany Hall.

How is it possible to produce a democratic peace or a lasting one under such conditions? A democratic peace, frankly, it can never be; a lasting peace it can be only if heaven shows an unexampled favor. When the Conference assembled, eleven wars were going on in which heavy cannon were being used; at the beginning of April, it was jestingly said at the Hotel Crillon (the American headquarters) that it was quite fitting that the wars had grown to fourteen, because there was thus one to each of the fourteen peace terms. But if the wars have multiplied, the fourteen peace terms have steadily grown less. One by one they have been abandoned by their originator until their very names are almost forgotten. Who hears today in Paris of the freedom of the seas? Who, when he reads of the Saar basin, recalls the fine phrase about "no punitive indemnities or annexations"? Actually, we seem to have progressed but little since Napoleon. If there are today four Napoleons setting up new Governments and re-drawing the map, at least the great Emperor spared the world the hypocrisy of clothing his acts in language to charm—and to be discarded at will. And while the Big Four have wrangled, argued, reargued, and fought, Europe has come to the very edge of the abyss. It is civilization itself that is now trembling in the balance.

That Mr. Lloyd George, at least, sees this is at last apparent. In his speech last week in the House of Commons he boldly declared that a new and more terrible enemy than the Germans has arisen in Europe, namely, hunger; but he forgot to explain why the menace of hunger, communism, and anarchy is so terrifying today as to overshadow everything else, or who is responsible for its growth to such vast proportions. It is the Big Four upon whom this terrible responsibility rests. The Big Four took from November until the end of March to lift the food blockade of Germany, and meanwhile Hungary and Bavaria, and now Vienna, have surrendered to communism or anarchy. It took them until April to decide that Russia should have food, thus trying a pacifist policy where the policy of imposing their will by bayonets had utterly and deservedly failed. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Italy, these are a few of the Allied states that are on the verge of revolution or collapse, either because they are hemmed in by the blockade of Germany on the one hand and of Russia on the other, or because they are in such desperate need of a reëstablishment of normal conditions in social and industrial life. One of the ablest American correspondents, with twenty years of international service to his credit, arrived in Paris three weeks ago from Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Italy. When asked his opinion of the situation in those countries he shook his head. "What is needed even more than food is the mail, the uncensored telegraph, the cable, the commercial traveller, the through express, the breaking down of all the barriers that war erects between states," he said emphatically.

Nevertheless the barriers remain, and Lloyd George would fain have us believe that there was no other way. Peace, he declared, could have come no sooner, and his excuse is the magnitude and the multiplicity of the problems involved. Never was there a greater falsehood uttered. A quick and satisfactory peace could have been obtained by the fifteenth of January, or earlier, had there been no travelling about, had there been a real desire for a quick settlement or a sincere adherence to the fourteen peace terms. An acceptance of Mr. Wilson's original terms would have permitted the Allies to go at their leisure into the questions of new nations and new boundaries. Such a peace, to which the immediate signature of Germany could have been obtained, might have been drawn up in twenty-four hours. It would have included an agreement to form a league of nations, the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, the taking over of the German colonies on joint account pending a detailed settlement, the seizure of the entire German war fleet, the reduction of the German army to a gendarmerie for the preservation of order, the immediate razing of the fortifications on the Rhine, and a pledge by Germany to make good the destruction in France and Belgium. With this preliminary treaty out of the way, the blockades could then have been lifted forthwith. Food would have flowed into Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary, and perhaps even Italy could have been saved. With normal intercourse restored throughout Europe, rasped nerves would have been soothed, immediate needs of food supplied, the militant and vengeful revolutionary spirit checked if not entirely banished. Further, the safety of the Allies would have been guarded.

Here lies the crux of the matter. Tell the average American that his representatives at Paris have been working with might and main to get food to the Central Powers as well as to Northern France, Belgium, Serbia, and Poland, and he mutters something about its being incredible and

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pro-German. It is quite as hard for him to see that our Lansings and Hoovers and Houses and McCormicks and Davises and Baruchs have been just and wise in insisting that the enemy must be fed, as it has been for Clemenceau to realize the same necessity. These American officials who have conferred so much honor upon our country abroad, are to be suspected neither of pro-Germanism nor of undue sympathy with the enemy. They have simply had the prevision to see that the Central Powers were the key to the European revolutionary situation; that if Bolshevism was to be checked it must be checked at the boundaries of the Central Powers. But others did not see this, despite ample warnings, and so Bavaria and Hungary have been communized, and a mischievous and vacillating Russian policy has been followed under which Lenine has won one victory after another in the field of diplomacy and in that of arms. The fight which American officials have made at Paris to save Europe despite the Allies has been the one bright chapter in the dismal story of chicane, intrigue, selfish aggression, and naked imperialism which has given the lie to most of the high-sounding phrases with which the Allies carried on the war, and to which the secrecy of the whole proceeding has rendered staunch aid.

As for the League of Nations, some of our foremost representatives in Paris have lost all interest in it, not merely because it has been the particular property of the President, or because it is a weak and dangerous proposal as it now stands, but also because they can really think seriously of nothing save the terrible plight in which all Europe finds itself. Of what use will a League of Nations be if Europe is to flare up in a revolution in which all the states east of the Rhine will be joined in a veritable league to impose their extreme social policies upon the rest of the world? When sober men of long political experience are face to face with the possibility of a Europe relapsing into another Dark Age, they find it hard to take interest in a League of Nations which is foredoomed to failure by the insincerity of many of those who have accepted it, by the exclusion from it of the representatives of two-thirds of Europe and all of the black races, and which holds out few attractions to the small and the neutral nations. The strongest advocates of the League in Paris, men who have worked for a real league with all their strength, offer no argument for the Paris plan save that it is a half or a third of a loaf. "Try it," they say, "and out of it may come something worth while."

Something good may indeed come of it, but so may, and with more certainty, a good deal that is evil. Already by an autocratic counting of votes the League is to come into being without recognizing the equality of the citizens of all of its members; and this at once will kill all Japanese interest in it. If the League is actually formed under the present draft, it will be in fact only another Holy Alliance. It will be a continuation of the present Entente with enormous power vested in the very men who are at present in the position of having brought Europe to the edge of the abyss while they talked and talked. There is in the League the possibility of a world dictatorship so odious as to make a revolution in Russian style seem almost tolerable. Even a third of a loaf may be of no value to a starving man if its ingredients are uneatable or poisonous; and if Mr. Wilson is now actually ready to agree to the giving of special guarantees to France by Great Britain and the United States, he has dealt the *coup de grâce* to his own creation and it is no longer worth discussion by serious minded Americans.

But there is more to the case than that. While the indefensible delay at Paris has raised everywhere the spectres of revolution and famine, it has also placed the Germans in a position where they can trump any move the Allies may wish to make by simply refusing to sign the peace treaty. The chances are against their doing so, but that does not mitigate the danger of their refusal, for if they decline to sign, the League of Nations is dead and most of the work done at Paris goes for naught. Moreover, even if the Ebert Government accepts, there is the gravest question whether it will not collapse at once, and give way to an extremist Government ready to make common cause with Lenine and Trotzky and to denounce the treaty. This danger would not have arisen had such a peace as is outlined above been submitted by the Allies early in the year, before the Bolshevist forces had gained headway, before starvation in Central Europe had become acute, and before the universal belief had become fixed that the Entente intends nothing else than the deliberate destruction of Germany and of the former Dual Monarchy.

As for Mr. Wilson, it is not easy to describe exactly the part he has played. Without him the Peace "Conference" would have degenerated into an orgy of land grabbing and imperialism. His idealism has been the saving grace if such saving grace there be. He has been the only one of the Big Four who has really desired to create a better world. But the old defects of his public character—his unwillingness to take counsel, his colossal egotism, his inability to hold at any cost to a principle which he has laid down, his readiness to compromise—together with his inability to translate beliefs into fact and action, and his refusal to take either the press or the public into his confidence, have forced him into the position of playing a lone and secret hand, and have already cost him the wondrous and all but overpowering confidence of the plain people of Europe which at first was his. When Mr. Wilson goes so far as to overrule a majority vote because it does not result as he wished, he need expect only criticism commensurate with the adoration which was his, beyond any other man's, a few months ago.

Yet it is far more than a test of the real moral force and character of President Wilson which we are witnessing. It is a far-reaching test of the value of war as the creator of moral values. Entered into on the part of the American public with the highest idealism, and with the confident belief that it was to be a war to end war and to make the world safe for democracy, the war thus far has made the world less safe for democracy than it has been at any previous period in modern times, and in addition has brought a brood of actual wars and the threat of others in its train. The struggle is ending at Paris with bitterness and hatred as well as with colossal hypocrisy. It is ending with the whole modern order of society on trial for its life; for nothing is plainer than that if the four men who have become the dictators of the world can not produce a peace that is real, one that shall not only end war but also do away with armaments, a deceived and disappointed world will try other ways and means. Can war be cured by more war, or is it to be cured by frankly trying to apply the doctrines of Christianity and the brotherhood of man? This is the question which is to be answered at Paris. Beside it the new Holy Alliance misnamed the League of Nations sinks into insignificance.

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Henry Morse Stephens

PROFESSOR HENRY MORSE STEPHENS, who died suddenly on the 16th instant at San Francisco, was one of the small number of historians to whom history was more than a mere record of events, and whose human interest in college students far outran his interest in pedagogy. For both of these qualities he ought, in the natural course of things, considering the temper and trend of the academic world during most of the years in which he elected to make this country his home, to have received more blame than praise. When, in 1894, President Andrew D. White called him to be professor of European and English history at Cornell, the tide of historical study in the United States was setting strongly toward research, toward the exhaustive treatment of small episodes in learned monographs, and toward the development of pedagogical methods whose efficacy was too often measured by quantitative rather than qualitative results. Yet it was Professor Stephens's good fortune not only to escape the benumbing influence of his professional environment, but to win and hold the respect and regard of students who knew no other like him, and of historical writers and teachers whose conception of how history should be studied and taught differed widely from his own.

That he should have been able thus to hold his place throughout an active university life of nearly twenty-five years was due to the possession of qualities which, if not exclusively the fruit of English ancestry and training, at least owed little to an American environment. Professor Stephens united, in exceptional perfection, intellectual distinction and prodigious capacity for work. His early career at Balliol College, still remembered as that of one of the most brilliant young Oxonians of his day, was marked also by the thorough study and omnivorous reading which, whether the chosen field be large or small, are the indispensable foundations of historical scholarship. Little as he cared for parade of learning, he knew the technique and could use the tools. In addition, he was a rare teacher. The students who thronged his classroom at Cornell, and later at the University of California, faced no dry pedant, no mechanical purveyor of ill-digested learning, no heedless distributor of unsuitable tasks; nor were his courses easy or his judgments lenient. He had the teacher's gift of imparting knowledge, of making knowledge interesting, and of impressing his students with the conviction that the subject which he taught was worth their while.

Yet his greatest distinction was his human interest. However sound his scholarship or scientific his method—and his published writings bear well examination at these points—it was the broad activities and relationships of the men and periods with which he dealt that chiefly appealed to him. His two volumes on the French Revolution, unhappily only a fragment, still rank among the best interpretations of the early phases of that great period; and his lesser writings show the same strong quality of insight and exposition. He knew how to use the English language with literary effectiveness; and although he was no stylist, the solid substance of his learning and his thought is everywhere clothed in literary distinction. Of the same broad and generous sort was his extraordinary capacity for friendship. It may well be doubted if, in any American university, there could have been found, during Professor Stephens's long life, a teacher to whom students came more naturally or eagerly, or who was a more welcome participant in student interests. It was his way, and its rewards came unsought. In the unconventional intimacy of his study and his books, with the searchlight of his brilliant conversation illuminating everything it played upon, Morse Stephens moulded character and stirred ideals; and the young scholars whom in later years he drew about him, and some of whom, as sickness more and more imperilled him, watched over him to the last with the affectionate tenderness of sons, evidence the power of the teacher who now has passed.

One cannot but wonder whether, after all is said and done, the peculiar quality of the English college does not, in such men at least, indubitably justify itself; whether the solid grounding in a few fundamentals, the generous reading, the personal relations with tutor and master, and the sure feeling for the proprieties and beauties of English speech, do not there forge a better educational weapon than we in America have yet contrived. Certain it is that the Oxford training and the English manner which Professor Stephens brought with him to Cornell, and from which he never turned away either there or in the very different environment of California, were instruments singularly well fitted to the accomplishment of his life work. Even when the war broke, and the trials and losses of the England that he loved weighed heavily upon him, he kept his generosity and his poise as well as his staunch and active loyalty. To the two great universities which he served there is left the memory of a sound scholar, an inspiring teacher, and a unique and vivid personality; but the larger lesson of his life is its human touch. In the new period upon which the world is entering, the universities will have weighty tasks; but their hardest task, and their bounden duty, will be to keep learning in contact with life. For the performance of that task they will have greater need than ever of scholars and teachers who, like Professor Stephens, knew what Goethe meant when he declared that above history is humanity.

Inadequate Statesmanship

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George came down to the House of Commons on the 16th, he faced a tremendous opportunity. Fresh from Paris, with the hidden story of the Peace Conference on the tip of his tongue, he was the first of the Big Four to be permitted to speak on the whole issue to an anxious and impatient world. But the opportunity was greater than the man. He scored a parliamentary triumph against a body of bitter and outspoken criticism; and the unthinking world is ever ready to acclaim the victory of a fighting personality. Few will stop to reckon with the fact that the present British Parliament is representative neither of the rapidly changing tone of England nor of the pregnant forces that move irresistibly in the affairs of men; and that a contest in Parliament, therefore, is nothing but a secondary skirmish. In short, the Premier's triumph had no special significance. Neither on his own benches nor on the benches of the Opposition was he confronted with the forces which are to sway the future. No statesmanlike question was put to him, no voice out of the new world rose to confound his argument; his speech passed without challenge in the midst of the chorus of the past. He gave the House what it wanted, and the House rewarded him in kind.

It is, of course, as an evidence of the state of mind of the

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Big Four, as a glimpse of their conception of the problems which confront them, that the British Premier's speech is most alarming. Never before, as he well said, has a Peace Conference faced a task "of such variety, of such perplexity, of such magnitude, and of such gravity." The plea which he deduces from this argument is that the Peace Conference should be universally supported and left wholly alone until the treaty is signed. It is a specious and undemocratic claim. The natural deduction runs in the thoughts of men that, if the task of the Peace Conference is so terribly important, in the same measure should we inquire into the ability of our statesmen to perform that task. It is in this sense that the broader aspects of the Premier's speech deny the validity of his own plea. The peace treaty, it seems, cannot be published until Germany has signed it; otherwise there would be agitation and criticism. The latest indications are that the Big Four will insist upon Germany's sending plenipotentiaries to Paris, empowered to sign and seal the treaty in the name of the enemy. The pact, as it were, is to be sprung upon public opinion, and criticism is to be confronted with a *fait accompli*. The conception is fundamentally immoral. If the treaty is so unhealthy that it cannot stand the light of day before it is signed, how will it live and be honored after the event?

This spirit of arbitrary contractualism is fully shown in the Prime Minister's treatment of the Russian situation. For the sake of fictitious contract, he is willing to fly in the face of demonstrable fact. He even is willing to abandon logic, and to appeal to a body of falsehood that has been created in public opinion through the offices of propaganda. The Brest-Litovsk treaty was not the product of pro-Germanism on the part of the Soviet Government, as every intelligent student of the Russian Revolution knows full well. Support of the various counter-revolutionary forces in Russia did not serve especially to stop Germany from reaping the economic harvest of the Brest-Litovsk treaty; what really stopped it was the violent anti-Germanism of the Soviet Government. The whole conception of the Bolshevist régime based on a theory of collusion between the Soviet Government and the Imperial German Government is nothing but a snare and a delusion. To find Mr. Lloyd George still holding this conception and acting upon it is to despair of the ability of the Peace Conference to understand the economic, social, and political principles with which it is dealing. Mr. Lloyd George says that the Soviet Government cannot be the *de facto* Government of Russia—because it cannot. The fact that it is the actual Government of Russia makes no difference to him.

"Whilst the Bolsheviki are apparently growing in strength," says the Prime Minister, "Bolshevism itself is rapidly on the wane." But a Soviet Government according to late report, has even been tried in Vienna, with a few more like instances of the "wane" of Bolshevism, we shall have good reason to distrust the Premier's point of view. If he and his companions in Paris are unable to see the light in Russia, how can we hope that they will turn a keener vision toward the problem across the Rhine? In likening Bolshevism in Russia to a volcanic eruption Mr. Lloyd George has struck upon a singularly happy figure; but, unfortunately for his logic, he fails to carry it to the open application. It may be well enough to stop the flow of lava from the Russian volcano; but all Europe is heaving, and what group of buffer states shall guard us from the new eruption at our door?

A Plea for Publicity

SCANNING the columns of classified advertisements that tell one where to dine, where to dance, where to hear concerts and lectures, and so on, it struck us that the papers might do well to set off with a neat, snappy line of advertising, the popular new sport of being mobbed. "Where to Get Mobbed To-night" would be our choice for a headline. While we do not pretend to keep up with the profusion of popular offerings in any systematic way, or pretend to any true virtuoso spirit toward them, it came to our attention that one week, for example, there were three uncommonly fine attractions going in one evening. One could go up to Carnegie Hall, where the militant suffragists were having a housewarming in honor of the pilgrims on the Prison Special, and be mobbed by the soldiers and sailors who approved the show. Then one could stroll over to the Lexington, where the German operetta was scheduled, and be mobbed by the aspiring young kindergarten-Prussians who disapproved the show. After that, one still would have plenty of time to take the subway up to Harlem, where some sort of economic heterodoxy was being preached, and be mobbed by the police. No doubt there were a dozen other opportunities too, if one knew about them, the ones we mention being merely those that we happened to hear of. Probably there are as many each evening in the week; and we think that there should be published some kind of daily directory of such events, so that the venturesome need not miss anything, and the fastidious might have proper guidance in their choice.

Otherwise one cannot be sure of getting his money's worth. Perhaps the extra-hazardous events might be distinguished by some conventional symbol, like a three-star run-around; and until the public develops the nice discrimination that is sure to come if things keep on as they are, we urge strongly that the special attractions be spelled out in full in agate type. "Monster Bolshevist Mass-Meeting at Prasnyovodka Hall, Harlem, 8:30. Police interference guaranteed or money refunded. Second Avenue cars pass the door." "Ratification of the Soviet Decrees. Meeting to be addressed by von Bugghaus, the great Russo-German terrorist, brought over for the occasion at incredible expense. Ex-U. S. soldiers with blackjacks and riot guns positively in attendance." "A detail of ex-marines will demonstrate to-night when Slivovitz, the Polish revolutionary, makes his famous speech advocating nationalization of the cloak and suit industry. No postponement on account of weather. Come one, come all."

Something like this, we believe, would help to organize the new amusement and put it on a sound commercial basis. It has every advantage over the hit-or-miss publicity now accorded to even the most unusual opportunities for being mobbed. We feel sure we represent and speak for the most refined and experienced taste in such matters, the select body of cultivated opinion which, while reposing at ease in the hospital, makes use of its convalescent periods to read the essays of Gustave Le Bon and Edgar Poe, and to take note of the great advance made upon these gentlemen in determining the psychology of the crowd. We trust that the newspapers will perceive this opportunity for performing an unusually effective public service and at the same time enhancing the prestige of a bureaucracy which should by all means be encouraged.

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The Blame for Lawrence

By RAYMOND SWING

IT is futile to view Lawrence under a microscope. The strike of the textile workers has most of the familiar characteristics of other strikes, but its significance does not lie on the surface. The apparent facts of the case are more bewildering than illuminating. In the slack season of the industry, when large numbers were unemployed, several thousand workers struck for a reduction in hours without reduction in pay; they were receiving considerably less than the standard living wage set by the National War Labor Board; the leadership of the strike gravitated to three clergymen of advanced social views; the community condemned the strike as anti-American and uneconomic, and the picketers were persecuted by the police with relentless brutality. The manufacturers had conceded the reduction in hours but insisted on a corresponding lowering of wages, and staunchly maintained their refusal to arbitrate. Probably three-fourths of the employees are at work. Yet the remaining fourth, eight or nine thousand, have continued their fight for weeks at the price of impoverishment and great suffering.

The fact that the strikers are foreigners divided among thirty-one nationalities, that few of them speak English or are citizens, and that some are boasting that in a short time the workers will own the mills, has been used as an argument that this is an attempt on the part of Eastern Europeans to impose upon America the fallacious economics of a misguided Russia. And in the light of this argument the hostility of the community, the shocking conduct of the police, and the obstinacy of the manufacturers are being justified. But the motives of the strike are not to be so precisely named or so conveniently dismissed. Had these foreigners swarmed to America imbued with the revolutionary spirit, and intrenched themselves in an industrial city to launch an attack, this strike would be truly a breach of hospitality. But they are here because American business demanded cheap labor, and many of them were even solicited by textile agents.

For years the textile manufacturers have carried on a policy of gathering in the peasants of Eastern and Southeastern Europe to operate the looms of New England. These immigrants were distributed so that no more than fifteen per cent. of any one race were employed in a single mill, and the apportionment was dispassionately determined so that men and women racially hostile to one another worked side by side. This was to render organization impossible, and thus keep wages low.

This policy of importation was so valuable that one concern, engaged in textile manufacturing, when charged with violating the Contract Labor Law, was willing to compromise with the Government by paying $50,000, in view of which action the records were sealed and the public was kept in ignorance of the transgression. Though this company does not operate a mill in Lawrence the instance shows how eager one corporation was not to jeopardize a practice of vital importance to the trade. The American Woolen Company, which owns four of the eight Lawrence mills, posted lithographs throughout the Balkans depicting one of their factories as a magnificent edifice, a veritable palace of Midas, through one portal of which an army of ragged peasants marched, only to emerge from a neighboring doorway splendidly arrayed and bearing trophies—an unparalleled vision of instantaneous American alchemy. Unfortunately, actualities and visions are not allied. In red brick factories, one prodigious tier of glazed windows upon another, the European peasant has tended the looms and the spindles, and has received at the end of the week less than a living wage. The Lawrence manufacturer has not so much as justified the first unwritten premise of his posters; he has done nothing comprehensive to make Americans of these disillusioned immigrants.

But if this policy has not been civic in the best sense, it has brought prosperity to the industry. Since 1900 the American Woolen Company has not missed its annual seven per cent. dividend on preferred stock, and this year it has apportioned three million dollars to the owners of common stock. Though the latter stock is not much more than speculative paper, yet since 1916 a total of five and three-quarters millions has fallen to its holders. Two special dividends were voted this year, one of five per cent. just before the strike began, the other of ten per cent. after it had been called. The payments, be it noted, were made in Liberty Bonds, publicly purchased as a proof of the company's patriotism, and distributed to owners of watered stock. This action was taken at a moment when the manufacturers, in explanation of their refusal to increase wages, pleaded that a season of transformation and low production was in prospect.

It is obvious that the Lawrence situation presents fundamental discrepancies, and it is not unnatural to inquire how much of the responsibility rests, not on agitators, but on the shoulders of the men who guide the industry. These men, as one hears in Boston, are honest Christian gentlemen. There is Mr. William Whitman, who has seen his Arlington Mill rise, not magically, but by his enterprise and genius, from a modest factory to a monumental property worth millions; a man who is flatteringly remembered in Washington for his brilliant argumentation on behalf of a high protective tariff. There is Mr. Franklin W. Hobbs, his son-in-law and aide. There is Mr. Robert F. Herrick, a leading barrister and capitalist, a famous stroke at Harvard, as well as a person of impelling social and political ambitions. Then there are the many officers and directors of the corporations whose names stand on the rolls of New England respectability. And there is Mr. William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company. It is conceivable that he contributed to the inspiration of this company's Balkan posters; for, according to Boston, he himself is descended from a humble Portuguese émigré.

These men of authority in the Lawrence mills declare that there is an essential unfairness in a point of view which isolates the Lawrence situation. They pay the prevailing wages of the industry in New England, and they cannot raise the scale and still compete with mills that do not make a corresponding advance. Furthermore, these wages are not lower than those paid in many other industries employing "cheap immigrant labor."

It has been suggested to these men that a keener ethical

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sense would have dictated the utilization of the three-million-dollar dividend for the benefit of the employees during an inevitable slack season. They reply that the directors of a company are responsible to the stockholders and may not take the initiative in disbursing the legitimate profits of investors. Under the law of some States, it appears, it is obligatory to pay dividends.

In 1916, Henry Ford announced that the Ford Motor Company had decided to pay no special dividends, but to put back into the business all the earnings of the company other than the regular dividends. "My ambition," declared Mr. Ford, "is to employ still more men, to spread the benefits of this industrial system to the greatest possible number, to help them build up their lives and their homes." The minority stockholders brought suit, and the Supreme Court of Michigan rendered the following decision:

> A business corporation is organized and carried on primarily for the benefit of the stockholders. The powers of the directors are to be employed for that end. The discretion of directors is to be exercised in choice of means to attain that end and does not extend to a change in the end itself, to the reduction of profits or to the non-distribution of profits among the stockholders in order to devote them to other purposes.

The court conceded that a corporation has the power to make an incidental humanitarian expenditure of corporate funds for the benefit of its employees, as in building a hospital or in employing an agency for the betterment of living conditions, but it drew the distinction between this and the diversion of the entire corporate enterprise to the purpose of employing a large number of men merely for their benefit, as opposed to the financial interest of the stockholders.

Even if the managers of the textile industry have pursued a censurable policy in importing "cheap" workers, they may not now be condemned for their failure at this moment to employ benevolently their great war profits. The decision of the Michigan Supreme Court is no more than an expression of the universal industrial code. Furthermore, when the Lawrence employers brought over European labor and paid less than a living wage, this was only in conformity with a general practice which has had an intrinsic part in the creation of American prosperity. For years it has been an accepted course, which has neither startled the country nor stirred its indignation. It is manifestly unsound to single out the Lawrence employers for especial condemnation. The duty of the officer of the corporation is to make profits for the shareholder, and his independence is limited. The responsibility for corporate practices lies ultimately with the stock owners and with no one else. If not their desire, then at least their inertia sanctions the sharp methods and unsocial policies.

One is accordingly tempted in the Lawrence case to seek out principal stockholders and to inquire of them the nature of the responsibility they feel; for Lawrence stock is held by university presidents, bishops, judges, philanthropists, and other members of leading families which are cornerstones in the cultural aristocracy of New England. But they are not alone. The American Woolen Company has seventeen thousand stockholders, and considering all the Lawrence mills, there are probably three stockholders for every striker.

To say that the leading citizens of Boston are oblivious to the Lawrence situation is to do them an injustice. There is at least one prominent woman who, on the receipt of her extra dividend, demanded to know why the directors had decreed such a distribution while babies were starving in the mill-workers' homes. Another prominent woman shareowner is picketing for the strikers at Lawrence. The Harvard Liberal Club gave a dinner to bring together influential stockholders with representative strikers, and has been active in the campaign for an investigation by the State. But even so the great majority of stockholders knows practically nothing of the conditions at Lawrence, since only the *Boston American* has told the real story of the strike. Unquestionably, only an exceptional few are familiar with the policies which have built up the industry. It is true that the wealthy families of New England own the controlling interest in the Lawrence mills, and have the power to increase the wages and end the misery. But, as a leading Boston capitalist said:

> Should I exert my influence to the detriment of smaller stockholders than myself? To me it would make no great difference if I received a hundred thousand dollars less this year or next. But there are many stockholders who depend for a living on their dividends. If you know New England, you must know the Boston spinster who has less of an income than the War Labor Board declares necessary. She can't move to the tenements, she must live in the Back Bay and be able to attend Trinity Church in her impeccable black taffeta dress. I do not imply that she is typical, but there are large numbers whose dividends are the margin between comfort and penury.

Just as it is unfair to single out the Lawrence manufacturers for opprobrium, it is illogical to expect the uninformed shareholders to answer for the strike. A Boston man, prominent in his profession, said: "I consider myself the prototype of the investor. When I have saved a little money I buy some stocks. I put them aside, collect my dividends, and that is the end of the matter. Oh yes, I vote. But so far as I know I haven't voted my stock intelligently a half dozen times in my life"—a confession which could be made by practically ninety per cent. of the investors in any American industry.

Business should be so conducted that if there are irregularities, the public can learn who is to blame and insist on a change of conditions. The structure of the textile industry has the semblance of a responsible authority. After all, in law, the stockholders are answerable. And yet the individual bishop, or capitalist, or the Boston spinster in her taffeta dress, cannot be particularly challenged. The evils that are found at Lawrence exist in some guise in most industrial centres, and other bishops and capitalists and maiden ladies are profiting by them without being questioned. Stockholders are not competent to manage corporations; they do not inform themselves as to far-reaching economic policies and intricate business details in which they have no professional interest. It appears that the responsibility cannot be intelligently fixed upon individuals, but only upon a system.

Is it therefore reasonable to assume that the Lawrence strikers are hostile to America, or dangerous, because some of their leaders preach industrial reconstruction? In the last analysis, their strike at this inopportune time is not over a question of wages, but over problems of economic philosophy. If it is revolution to demand a change of the *status quo*, the Lawrence immigrants are treasonable, and the Lawrence police are doing a meritorious service, even if they are overzealous. For what has occurred in Lawrence is that the Eastern European peasants have contrived to outwit the prudent plans of the textile managers. It is a blind, helpless, and probably pre-doomed effort, certainly

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a predominantly unconscious one. For the striker has not made an astute evaluation of the industrial system, any more than the stockholder. He has no higher ideal of the social service of industry. He is an uneducated, somewhat primitive man, who knows that his pay is inadequate and his life wretched—and that his employer has cut a melon. There are indeed passions at Lawrence, and these are not of inferior significance to the minor question of wages and hours.

The hostile races were not irretrievably divided by the circumstances under which they worked side by side in the mills. They are now striking side by side. The general strike committee meets every morning in a dingy hall—the home, evidently, of a Syrian religious society. Approximately forty delegates come to this hall from the various language groups. Within its four walls, incontinently displaying faded pictures illustrating the Book of Revelation, Lawrence has formed her league of nations. That Syrian religious stronghold is vibrating with a new eloquence. New emotions, some of them powerful and portentous, are coming to unheralded expression. The hostile races are now allies.

It is a union without form and without a name, but it was welded with something of the same fervor which brought together, under strangely different conditions, the labor organizations of Seattle for a general strike. It would be folly to declare that this power in Lawrence is generated by merely local difficulties. This is not a New England problem; it must be solved one day for every community where workers and profit-makers compose the industrial family.

Russia and the British Press

By KENNETH DURANT

AN important section of the British press has ceased scolding the Bolsheviks and begun stating the facts about Russia, so far as they can be learned. The new policy is likely to be more dangerous for the Bolsheviks than the old, though some of the lying about the Soviets has been exceedingly effective. In England and America especially, the falsehood about the "nationalization of women" will prevent many persons from ever considering the Bolsheviks as anything but the most abhorrent monsters. It is the kind of untruth that appeals to the imagination and credulity of England and America. This story was spread on the pages of the *New Europe* for October 31, 1918, and has been given wide currency and acceptance in other journals scarcely less careful and responsible. The *New Europe* of March 13, 1919, withdrew it unreservedly, declaring that the statement had been received from an Englishman

> personally well acquainted with Russian conditions during the war, and of unquestionable good faith. . . . We now find that he was inaccurate in quoting the document from the official Bolshevik organ *Izvestija*, and that he confused it with the local Vladimir newspaper of the same name (*Izvestija* being the Russian for *News*.) As this puts an entirely different complexion on the matter, and as the central Moscow Government cannot be held responsible for the lucubrations of every local committee, we desire to withdraw unreservedly the imputation and to express our regret for the mistake.

Dr. Harold Williams, the well-known English correspondent, writing upon the same subject says:

> I have made particular inquiries among friends recently arrived from Russia as to the alleged nationalization of women, and they all assure me positively that they have never heard or read of such a decree. It is certain that the Central Bolshevik Government has issued no order of the kind, and if Anarchists in Smolensk or school boys in some other provincial town have printed such abominable productions the Central Government cannot be held responsible. . . . Personally I cannot be accused of any prepossession in the Bolsheviks' favor, but just because I feel so acutely the enormity of their real crimes and the iniquity of their whole régime I consider it wrong to weaken the case against them by imputing to them crimes they have not committed.

Other falsehoods have not been so successful as the nationalization story. The tales about executions worked for a while, but they were overdone. Too many people were killed too many times. I do not remember how many times Madame Breshkovsky was killed, but everybody was glad that this particular happening turned out to be a fiction and that the grandmother of the revolution came alive and free out of Russia to testify before the Senate against the Bolsheviks. The yarn about the general massacre of the bourgeoisie on November 10 last gave everybody the creeps for several days before the event, but turned out badly through the cunning perversity of the Bolsheviks in choosing that day to declare a general amnesty for political prisoners. The untruth about the Soviet Government being a branch agency of the Wilhelmstrasse was intricate and well told. It survived long enough to collide with the story of Berlin being a dependency of Moscow. These two tales did not mix and much confusion resulted from their juxtaposition. It is not yet certain which will prevail.

A writer in the *Round Table*, that excellent "quarterly review of the politics of the British Commonwealth," who knows that Bolshevism is a "very real menace to the peace of Europe," believes that there is a need for "a purely historical analysis of the Bolshevik movement." Like Dr. Williams, this writer feels that the case against Bolshevism has been weakened by lying. "Rumors have been published which have afterwards had to be denied." The result has been "a most unfortunate confusion of ideas" which actually drove many persons into sympathy with the Bolsheviks. The first of these "rumors" to be disposed of by historical analysis in the *Round Table* is the current one that all Bolshevist leaders are self-interested scoundrels.

> It must be frankly admitted that these leaders, however fanatical they may be, are perfectly genuine and sincere in their beliefs. Many of them have suffered years of exile and imprisonment. Some of them have already perished for their convictions.

Of course there is corruption in their ranks. The Bolsheviks admit it.

> All civilized societies . . . possess . . . a residue of degenerates and criminals. . . . The Bolshevik efforts to cleanse their administration have been attended by only partial success, and even today there is little in the shape of false passports, Bolshevik documents, provisions, grain, eggs, butter, in a word, of anything over which the Bolshevik employees have control, even life and death, which cannot be bought for a price.

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There have been many rumors about Lenine. The *Round Table's* historical analysis of Lenine is in part as follows:

Whatever his faults may be, few who have been brought into contact with him will deny that he is in many respects a remarkable man. Some day he may possibly rank as a great man. . . . Quite apart from his very considerable intellectual powers, his chief asset as a leader is his undoubted courage—his almost fanatical confidence in his own judgment.

The historian appears to share this confidence in Lenine's judgment. "His chief claim to greatness lies in the fact that he foresaw sooner and more clearly than anyone else that pathological state of unrest and discontent into which the whole world was to be plunged as the result of four years of unprecedented warfare." One could wish that Lord Milner might have consulted Lenine.

In one of the most interesting of the latest crop of Russian articles—new style—appears the following appreciation of Lenine:

Is Lenine a genius? Many Russians have denied it, and certainly there is nothing in his personal appearance to suggest even faintly a resemblance to the super-man. . . . He looks at the first glance more like a provincial grocer than a leader of men. And yet, on second thoughts, there is something in those steely grey eyes that arrests the attention, something in that quizzing, half-contemptuous, half-smiling look which speaks of boundless self-confidence and conscious superiority. . . . The almost fanatical respect with which he is regarded by the men who are his colleagues . . . is due to other qualities than mere intellectual capacity. Chief of these are his iron courage, his grim, relentless determination, and his complete lack of all self-interest.

Do I hear an indignant protest that this is not truth-telling about Russia, but sheer Bolshevist propaganda? I have quoted it from the first of a series of "Bolshevist Portraits" in the London *Times* of March 25, 1919. I do not think that Bolshevism has yet captured Printing House Square.

Ways and Means is an English "weekly review of industry, trade, commerce, and social progress." It would be as quick as Dr. Harold Williams to resent any charge of "prepossession" in favor of Lenine or the Soviet system. Nevertheless in its issue of March 22 it prints an exceedingly interesting account of these two phenomena. The writer, who signs himself "Intelligence Officer," wants to know "why men of sense persist in hurling the term Bolshevism about as loosely as they do." There is no mistaking Intelligence Officer's prepossessions. He thinks that the Soviet is a germ, "like that of Spanish influenza," generated, to use his metaphor, in the "cesspool of Bolshevism," and he declares that "it infects the atmosphere of the whole civilized world." Intelligence Officer has nothing to say "on behalf of the Bolsheviks" except that they are a "product of Russian conditions and Russian history." But he has this to say of the Soviet:

That it is an idea that has arisen spontaneously out of the war chaos, that it shows a surprising tendency to take root, and that, therefore, it is to be seriously considered.

Intelligence Officer explains the Soviet as the antithesis of the representative system.

The Soviet is not a constituency. It is hardly a trade union. It professes to be the concrete embodiment of a function or active limb of the industrial organism. The "acid test" of membership is work—*i. e.*, performance of a necessary function. This does not necessarily mean that only workmen or peasants can be members of the Soviet, though in practice it proved to be so for a long time in Russia. Brain workers, academicians, doctors, lawyers, journalists—all can and now do form their own Soviet, or association, or guild.

Intelligence Officer does not like this system, which is plainly a "complete reversal of our political thinking." But he has observed with much interest that it works. Lenine works it!

It was not until the beginning of last summer that he started seriously upon the work of reconstituting the Soviets. He has, it must be admitted, made very great progress. A machine has been already erected on a very large scale. What is more interesting and astonishing is that its wheels are beginning to move. Fitfully and irregularly, it is true, yet unmistakably. An intense propaganda has been started among the workmen. They are being taught the gospel of work. And, at least, here and there, they are showing some response.

Intelligence Officer can scarcely believe his eyes, but he appears to be well informed of the facts. He thinks that Lenine is becoming moderate, and at any rate he notes that "moderate leaders" like Gorky and Martov and Chernov have accepted his invitation to join the Soviet Government. He suggests that Russia is ceasing to be Bolshevist—"but, Bolshevik or not, Russia has been Sovietized." And Lenine means to Sovietize the world. "I have," concludes Intelligence Officer, "I need hardly say, no sort of belief in the Soviet system, but it is certainly a very remarkable experiment and needs more attention than it is being given."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is another who strongly advises telling the truth about Russia. Mr. Fyfe, as the editors of the *English Review* point out, has known Russia for ten years; he "warned the Asquith Government privately" that Russia was going out of the war; he foretold the revolution while Lord Milner, just back from Petrograd, was saying that all was well. His opinion, therefore, the *English Review* thinks, is "entitled to a hearing." He does not defend Bolshevism. "I do not like it," he says:

But I see a very grave danger in stirring up public opinion against it by abuse and exaggeration with the object of attempting its suppression by military means. . . . In the first place we do not clearly know what kind of Government the Bolshevists have set up, or what their objects are. Of first-hand "news" from Russia there is scarcely any. What passes for news is gossip, much of it *invented* in order to stir up ill-feeling; almost all of it envenomed by prejudice.

Mr. Fyfe's conclusion is this:

Foolish persons in Government employ repeat incessantly that the Bolshevist leaders (men of high education themselves) aim at "exterminating the educated" and at destroying trade. Yet officials in this country, at the Foreign Office, at the Board of Trade, know that Trotzky appealed to the educated class in Russia to assist in building up a new system, and that many responded, including Maxim Gorky, Russia's foremost man of letters. They know that the Bolshevists, far from desiring to see commercial relations extinguished, are ready to discuss them. But the truth is concealed from the nation. Those who fancy their interests would be served by making war upon Russia, those who are duped easily by such catch-words as "restoring order," the generals and staff-officers who see long periods of safe and lucrative employment stretching before them. The newspaper writers who love to inflate grandiose schemes with the wind of their phrases, have, therefore, had it their own way.

But it is plain from these and many similar recent articles that they are to have it their own way no longer. We are going to undertake the disagreeable business known as "facing the facts." The Bolsheviks have been in power in Russia for a year and a half, and it is high time we knew something about them. But we must not be greatly surprised if the new truths are stranger than the old fictions.

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The Need for a Jewish Homeland

By JACOB H. SCHIFF

IN the International Relations Section of the *Nation* of April 5 there is reprinted, under the title, "The Jews in Poland," a letter written by the Berlin correspondent of the Amsterdam *Handelsblad*. The author of the letter had been sent by his paper to Galicia to learn the truth about the alleged Polish attacks upon the Jews. The conditions, he reports, are frightful indeed. The horrors and cruelties practiced in the Middle Ages were apparently hardly comparable to what is now going on in Poland and part of Galicia, under the very eyes of the Government. Conditions in Rumania, in Lithuania, in the Ukraine, and elsewhere in the Near East are reported as not greatly different from those prevailing in Poland; there is little doubt that the life of the Jewish population in the Near East—embracing several million souls—has become hard and terrible almost beyond human endurance.

The efforts now being so energetically made before the Peace Conference at Paris to assure to the Jewish people equal rights with the rest of the population of each and every country, and the demand that the protection of these rights shall be assured at all times by the proposed League of Nations, must not be abated, and should finally be successful unless the Conference is prepared to stultify itself. But it will remain an open question whether in the Near-Eastern countries, where the Jewish population is so shamefully persecuted, and where anti-Semitism in its ugliest and most brutal form appears to be inbred in the people, any mandate of the Peace Conference concerning Jewish rights and protection will have any greater practical effect than the similar solemn covenant in the Treaty of Berlin has had, so far as Rumania is concerned. Up to this time that country has simply ignored and defied the obligation imposed upon it by the Treaty for the granting of civic rights and protection to its Jewish population. Should it therefore, in any event, not be made possible for the Jew to leave these inhospitable countries? Though he and his forbears have lived in them for centuries, yet instead of becoming home to him, they have grown for the Jew almost into a hell.

But whither can he turn? Everywhere—even in the United States—immigration is being curtailed, and it may no longer be possible for a multitude of foreign elements to flow into this country without considerable restriction.

No land, it will readily be conceded, has so magnetic and great an attraction for the Jew as Palestine. The reasons for this are generally understood, and it is not necessary to recapitulate them here. But Palestine cannot in its present state take care of and support any large population. This will become possible only if the land be—so to say—made over, through irrigation and other modern processes. This being done, it is the opinion of experts that Palestine with its hinterland—particularly Mesopotamia and the Euphrates Valley—would be capable of supporting a population of upwards of five millions.

Here then it is where great cultural work for the lasting benefit of suffering Jewry, in the countries of its persecution, can and should be undertaken with every promise of success. Not by continually dangling before the eye of the Jew the chimera of the foundation anew of a Jewish nation and the reëstablishment of a Jewish state in Palestine—at present a land with hardly any Jews—but rather by a restoration of the land to its former high state, making it once more such as it has been—a land flowing with milk and honey again capable of gradually receiving and providing prosperous homes for a multitude of Jewish people. Under the benign control of Palestine by Great Britain, such a proposal should not offer insurmountable difficulties, even if it may take time to carry it fully into effect, and here it is that the Zionist Organization can do great and practical constructive work.

But to obtain such coöperation, its political agitation and aspirations must cease, and in coming decades, after the population of Palestine shall have become overwhelmingly Jewish, the Jews actually there can determine for themselves what kind of government to choose; for a state cannot be supplied ready made, but must be developed, nor can a nation be built solely upon the basis of past glory.

The sooner practical steps are taken to create in Palestine a homeland pure and simple for Jewish people who may desire to settle there, the sooner the Jewish question will begin to come nearer its solution. So long as national aspirations remain in the foreground, so long real progress will not be made, so long shall we continue to hear of pogroms, persecution, and intense prejudice against the Jew, wherever he finds it necessary to segregate himself from the rest of the population, as is the case in most of the countries of the Near East. So long also will it continue to be necessary for Western Jewry to collect huge sums with which to alleviate the suffering and misfortune of its Eastern co-religionists. Such suffering is unfortunately chronic; it has existed for years, and has only been accentuated and made more horrible by the war, because the actualities of the war, to so great an extent, occurred in the area so largely inhabited by Jews, against whom the meanest human passions have in consequence been brought into play.

With the first opening of Palestine to larger Jewish immigration, with a steady, even if at first a slow, outflow of the Jewish population from the scenes of its present suffering and persecution, a bettering of these conditions is likely to begin.

Political Zionism for the time being has fulfilled its purpose. Its leaders, from Herzl down, have deserved well of Israel, for the movement they have inaugurated and promoted has awakened in the Jew self-respect, self-consciousness, and perfectly justifiable race pride. It has swept away indifference and kept within Jewry many who were on the way to being lost to it. The task ahead of it, however, is still greater, if it is to be courageously undertaken, without any side issues. It is the redemption of Palestine in the practical sense of the word: a great system of irrigation, that shall make the land available to the husbandman; a system of popular and vocational education, in which Hebrew shall become once more a living language; and the provision of all the paraphernalia required in the upbuilding of a new country. Truly, here is a task worthy of the best efforts of great and efficient leaders, with whom all Jewry should join hands in this work.

Nothing, however, must and should at any time be permitted to alter the position of the Jew in those Western countries where for many years he has exercised the rights and duties of citizenship, and where he has become part and parcel of the general citizenry. He will ever remain in America an American, in England an Englishman, in France a Frenchman, in Italy an Italian, in Germany a German. Those who will choose Palestine as their homeland will probably in due time ask to be entrusted with the responsibility for the local government of the country, through autonomous municipalities under the sovereignty of Great Britain.

Palestine is, however, by no means to be a refuge or an asylum. On the contrary, it is to become the land where opportunity will present itself to the Jew to live under conditions which, freed from the materialistic influences of the western world, will make it possible for him to develop to the full those qualities which have enabled the Jew to make such valuable contributions to the highest assets of mankind. A Jewish homeland in Palestine will mean a reservoir for Jewish learning and for the further development of Jewish literature, of which the world already possesses so many great examples.

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The Federal Employment Administration

By WILLIAM E. MOSHER

THE Civil Service Reform League, so long the sturdy champion of expert administration in Government service, held its annual meeting at Philadelphia during the second week in April. The programme committee was evidently awake to the fact that the public mind is peculiarly receptive in these post-war days to "some new thing," and it therefore arranged an afternoon discussion whose topic was virtually the reformation of the Government service. The speakers were Representative Keating, Secretary of the Joint Congressional Commission on the Reclassification of the Federal Civil Service, Commissioner George R. Wales of the United States Civil Service Commission, Mr. Luther C. Stewart, President of the National Federation of Federal Employees, and Miss Ethel M. Smith, Executive Secretary of the National Women's Trade Union League, for sixteen years a Federal employee. Accredited spokesmen of the Government and the public, of the management and the employees, these four might properly have called an executive session and resolved themselves into an embryonic industrial council after the famous English model set up by the Whitley Committee. For they were actually chosen representatives of the various groups that are carrying on the real "business" of government. If a reform programme is going to be evolved and if it is going to be carried into effect, it is to such responsible specialists as these that the Government must turn.

The Civil Service Reform League deserves credit for creating the situation which brought forth a composite platform of such far-reaching policies as were developed by these speakers. It will immeasurably increase the debt of the American people to the League if it succeeds in marshalling public opinion to the support of some such platform. For its full realization will mean both the efficient and the democratic administration of public affairs—something that no single Government in the course of history has succeeded in achieving.

There is an increasingly urgent need that a constructive labor policy should be developed and adopted by American employers, both private and public. It is peculiarly incumbent on our Government, as the largest and most prosperous employer of labor in the world today, to become also the most enlightened and progressive. How far this is from being the case is proved by the unusual number of accessions of unionized civil employees to the American Federation of Labor from 1917 to 1919. Such action is to be charged—and there is unfortunately plenty of evidence to sustain it—to an unenlightened and, at times, repressive labor policy.

The fact is that the Federal Government, with its more than three and one-half millions of employees, has no consistent labor policy whatsoever, except as to the original selection and promotion of applicants by the Civil Service Commission. The functions of this Commission, the only employment department the Government can boast, are restricted to the conduct of examinations for selection and promotion among the rank and file of employees. The more important positions are exempt from competitive examination. Far be it from my purpose to belittle the noteworthy advances in efficiency that have been made since 1883 because of the Civil Service Commission. Commissioner Wales was doubtless justified in pointing with pride to the achievements of the Commission during the strain of the war period. But I submit—and in this I am giving the judgment of the speakers at the Philadelphia conference as well—that an employment department that is essentially a recruiting and selective agency falls lamentably short of what such a department should be.

Congress has evidently come to appreciate certain defects in present employment practice; for it recently appointed a standardization board, or reclassification commission, which is now sitting in Washington. If this commission is to limit the scope of its work to the standardization of positions and wages and the introduction of service ratings in the various departments, as its title would imply, it will do no more than correct flagrant abuses and make it possible for the Civil Service Commission to perform its function of selection, placement, and promotion much more efficiently. Such action will still be far from making the Commission a full-fledged employment department.

The embryonic industrial council at Philadelphia, if I may so term it, was pretty well in agreement as to the points which a constructive labor policy should cover. It is to be hoped that these points will be given due consideration by the Reclassification Commission. Not the reclassification of positions in the civil service, but the reconstitution of the Civil Service Commission itself, should be the real issue. Government labor policy worthy the name can be satisfied with nothing less than the complete transformation of the Commission into a civil service employment department, responsible for selection and fitness for the particular position, indeed, but, far beyond that, responsible for the well-being of employees throughout the whole range of their interests, from decent wages to fresh air.

Concerning this fundamental policy there was entire agreement at Philadelphia, that the Civil Service Commission is the employment department of the Government and that it should be given the power to develop a centralized employment organization. Its functions would comprise the scale from selection to retirement or dismissal, from working conditions to recreation and housing, from suggestions to grievances. It would see to it that opportunities for self-expression and growth were afforded, thus making Government service "a sufficient career." In brief, its aim would be to become the human relations department of the Federal civil service.

To work most effectively along these various lines, the staff of the Commission would consist of trained experts in the field of employment administration. It would be materially increased, so that direct personal contact could be maintained with the whole force in all the various departments. For, as efficiency experts are gradually coming to realize, human relations cannot be "routinized"; they do not "stay put." Adjustments are the standard order of the day in a modern personnel department.

Second, if our present "merit system" is to become a "model system," to use a turn given by Representative Keating, it must become democratic. Centralized employment administration will make for efficiency, as is being proved in many progressive establishments today, but it does not necessarily make for democracy. In fact, it all too often takes a very marked turn toward paternalism. Our Government, however, having made the phrase "self-determination" ring around the world, can be satisfied with nothing less than democratic control of employment.

Assuming that democratic control is part of our constructive labor policy, as was definitely emphasized by two of the speakers at the Philadelphia conference, a reorganization of the personnel of the Civil Service Commission would naturally result. Its membership would be elective, chosen equally from departmental heads and representatives of employees' organizations of all departments, with members of Congress in the chair as representatives of the Government and the public. The Civil Service Commission would thus become a kind of industrial council directly representing the various interests involved in the conduct of the Government's business affairs.

To some, such a programme may seem revolutionary; to others it will appear to be only the logical and necessary development of a well-considered labor policy in this reconstruction period. However that may be, it is clear to any observer that the hit-or-miss method of handling personnel problems has had its day, in the field of both private and public employment. Appeals to loyalty and public condemnation of striking public employees no longer suffice to stay strikes, as witness the London "bobbies," the New York harbor workers, the Cincinnati firemen, and the New England telephone employees. A definite labor policy that will insure fair treatment and a measure of democratic control seems inevitable.

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Foreign Correspondence

The Swiss Hotels and the War

Zürich, March 21

THE modern Italian often complains that other nations see in the land of the Apennines only a country of museums. The Swiss are hardly less indignant when foreigners consider the hotel industry as the centre of their country's economic activity, and designate Switzerland, according to a worn-out French pun, as the land of "Guillaume Hôtel." Despite the great benefits accruing to certain districts and occupations from the tourist industry, every Swiss knows that the prosperity of the nation depends not on this business, but on the manufacture of luxuries for export. Any endangering of the existence of the latter industry, either by domestic legislation or by foreign tariff laws, would be an economic catastrophe for Switzerland. On the other hand, depression in the hotel business would affect only scattered districts and a single, though rather large, class of workers.

The Swiss are indeed proud of their hotels, and not without justification. It is an old and unchanging tradition that, in Switzerland, people of the best social standing are active in hotel management. Many years ago Casanova, in his "Memoirs," gave expression to his surprise at this fact, and since that time no change in this tradition has come about. The contrast with other countries has remained just as great. I have known American travellers to voice their surprise at the high standing of hotel-keepers in almost the same words as those of the Venetian adventurer of the eighteenth century. Marriages between the most exclusive aristocracy of the large Swiss cities and the hotel "dynasties" of inner Switzerland are nowadays of relatively frequent occurrence. The Swiss people, moreover, without being open to the accusation of conceit, are justified in asserting that their hotels, with few exceptions, deserve fame. Travellers from abroad have been well taken care of in them during the war. In spite of great difficulties in securing supplies, due in part to the high freight rates throughout Switzerland and especially on the mountain railways, the prices have been comparatively low, and excessive charges are practically unknown.

It is also an indisputable fact that the persons directly concerned have not been the only ones to profit from the hotel industry. The existence of great hostelries in the barren mountain sections sometimes offered the only possible means of livelihood for the inhabitants. If the hotels of Switzerland had not prospered so remarkably, emigration from the mountain regions would necessarily have taken on even larger dimensions than it has. The supposedly unfavorable influence of the hotel business on the morals of the mountaineers, which is sometimes brought forward as a drawback, exists only in the imagination of uninformed disciples of Rousseau. Other businesses, too, have derived benefit from the tourist industry. Many shops in the large Swiss cities (for example, those dealing in women's clothing) could scarcely have survived if they had not had as customers foreign tourists, especially Americans. Many railways could either not have been maintained at all, or operated only with reduced facilities, if foreigners had not supported them. The Swiss, therefore, have tourist travel to thank for better shops and better railway transportation.

It cannot be denied, however, that there were certain serious drawbacks to be set against these gains, and that in the decade before the war the disadvantages began to overbalance the advantages. A veritable fever of speculation in hotel building arose. The commercial principle that the business man must count not only on profit-bringing years but also on reverses was all too often forgotten. Money and credit were to be had in almost as unlimited amounts for establishing hotels as for building mountain railways. All that was necessary, apparently, was that a hotel stock company should pay a dividend which would have been about equal to the normal interest return on a government security involving no risk. I remember an authentic anecdote, told to me several years before the war by a man in this business. A newly-established hotel in a well-known tourist resort in Graubünden could have paid a six per cent. dividend on the basis of its profits. The board of directors, however, did not dare to place the dividend so high, and proposed instead a modest four per cent. rate because, my informant said, a dividend of six per cent. would lead at once to the setting up of a rival hotel which would then have ruined both undertakings. The most remarkable thing about all this was the assumption without hesitation, and indeed with justification, that the hypothetical competitor would be able to secure the capital for his very hazardous undertaking; and this notwithstanding that the question was one of establishing a hotel of the highest grade, in which very large capital would necessarily have been invested.

It is little wonder that the outlook for profits in Swiss hotels, especially in those of the first class, became increasingly poor. Winter sports brought a measure of relief for a few, but in other places a falling off in guests during the summer months took place; and even where the patronage was satisfactory, the situation was so strained that even a slight disturbance might result in a year of loss. Practically the Swiss hotels, which formerly had pursued a sound middle course between the almost too careful French method of doing business and the venturesome German spirit, had gone over entirely to the German system during the period immediately preceding the war. So far as the service afforded their guests was concerned, they were generally faithful to the old Swiss traditions, but they lacked solid business foundation, and sometimes even bookkeeping.

The crisis which occurred in the Swiss hotel industry as a result of the war can best be understood by citing actual figures. Dr. H. A. Gurtner's book on "Indebtedness in the Swiss Hotel Industry," published in 1918, which deals especially with conditions in Interlaken, estimates the average indebtedness of the hotel undertakings in 1915 at 82.2 per cent. Nearly half of the enterprises (46.9 per cent.) exceeded this average, and 32 per cent. were practically bankrupt. However, as the investigator himself remarks, this state of affairs should by no means be regarded as a result of the war, although the season of 1914 was of course seriously affected by the declaration of war. Dr. Gurtner points out that the indebtedness has not been materially increased since the outbreak of the war.

It is not difficult to imagine how such conditions must have been affected by the war. Even without it, a catastrophe could have been avoided in the hotel industry only if the number of guests had not only remained the same, but had regularly increased, and if fashion had continued to favor the same resorts. It is well known that the latter

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was not the case; a once very popular place in which first-class hotels had been built became, in recent years, more and more deserted, or was patronized only by the clientêle which ordinarily frequents hotels of the second class. Travel was now made impossible for many guests from the belligerent countries, and the neutral nations were also more and more cut off from use of the railways. The cost of the necessaries of life rose, and income less and less sufficed to cover expenditures. A number of refugees from the belligerent countries, especially the Central Powers, remained in Switzerland for a prolonged sojourn, but these foreigners naturally preferred the city hotels to those in the mountain regions. On this account some hotels in Zürich did an uncommonly good business. Some of these refugees were forced to economize in their mode of living as the war ran on, especially when the depreciation of values, particularly in the Central Empires, lowered their incomes. Railway travel in Switzerland gradually became restricted and more expensive. At present no trains at all are run on Sundays, the prices of tickets are considerably higher than before the war, and round-trip tickets, which formerly permitted a considerable saving, have been entirely discontinued. As a consequence the Swiss patrons, who at first stepped into the breach made by the absence of foreign visitors, became fewer in number, in spite of the fact that the impossibility of making pleasure trips abroad forced them to patronize their own hotels. Only one solution remained if a direct collapse of the Swiss hotel business was to be avoided—Government intervention. This might be undertaken the more readily because neutral Switzerland might surely expect a decided increase in tourist travel after the war. Had the Government at that time looked a bit more closely into the future, had it judged more accurately the duration of the struggle and its financial consequences, it would probably have settled many questions differently.

However that may be, the following protective measures were actually passed in behalf of the Swiss hotel industry. A moratorium was declared for hotel-keepers and for occupations dependent exclusively on tourist travel. On November 2, 1915, the Bundesrat ruled that hotels might secure a stay of payment on current interest and the repayment of loans where either fell due after January 1, 1914. The mortgagee of a hotel, therefore, could not demand foreclosure on the ground that the interest on his mortgage was not paid. Later, in 1917, the rental payments of hotels were also stayed. Through another regulation the establishment of competing undertakings was prohibited. This latter order provided that no new hotels should be built until further notice, and that existing plants should not be enlarged except on proof of actual necessity.

It was clear to intelligent people from the beginning that the salvation of the hotel industry was by no means insured by these measures. The restoration of a sound financial basis was, perhaps, even made more difficult. Even if an immediate collapse of the hotel industry was thus avoided, the burden of debt nevertheless grew so heavy, in consequence of the suspended interest, that a settlement of debts seemed out of the question. "How can the money be collected for the suspended interest and then for the interest falling due at the coming of peace—that is, for at least double the former annual payment—if in normal times it was possible only with the greatest difficulty to pay a single year's interest?" This question was put as early as 1915 in the annual report of the Swiss Commercial and Industrial Association. The cynical thought suggests itself that it might have been better for the Government to have left the Swiss hotels to their fate at the beginning of the war. At least a clear-cut situation would have been created.

On the other hand, what the war was able to do for certain hotels is hardly worthy of notice. It is indeed true that a few hotels situated near the Austro-Italian border in Graubünden had Swiss officers quartered in them. It is also true that a few hotels which would otherwise have been quite empty were able to take in sick soldiers who were interned. But it is obvious that the first instance was exceptional, and that the second could in no way yield a recompense for the loss of ordinary tourist travel. The regular prices for interned soldiers had to be set so low that they hardly covered running expenses, least of all in the first-class hotels which were suffering the most. Frequently the interned soldiers frightened away other guests, who did not care to see wounded soldiers at the table. A few of the interned men brought their families, who of course paid normal hotel rates; but aside from the fact that such guests were relatively few in number, even this number became more and more limited. After the ruthless German submarine warfare had seriously increased the shortage of food in Switzerland, entrance to the country was made difficult for visitors, and at last only very near relatives of interned soldiers were permitted to remain in Swiss hotels. It is a serious mistake, however, to assume that even before this time many hotels had profited from entertaining these interned men. A stranger need only take a walk through the hotel section of Lucerne, which now gives the impression of a veritable necropolis, in order to see that many hotel-keepers preferred to suspend business rather than to continue operating at a loss.

The position of the Swiss hotel industry has been in no way improved by the armistice. Travel for pleasure has not yet been resumed, and the continuing shortage of food, as well as the doubtful political activities of some foreigners in Switzerland, has led to further barriers against admission into the country. The strike movement in Germany has further decreased the coal supply of Switzerland, and this has made railway travel difficult. The prospects for the future also are not of the best. Even if tourist travel should take on its former dimensions, it seems hardly conceivable that the burden of debt accumulated during the war can be lifted. To these difficulties, moreover, others of a new kind will be added. Only one can be pointed out here. I have learned from reliable sources that French visitors certainly, and English visitors probably, will not hereafter care to occupy the same hotel, perhaps not even to stay at the same resort, with Germans. The natural distribution of foreign travellers among the different hotels will, therefore, face new difficulties. The number of sick and neurasthenic who will seek treatment in Switzerland will doubtless be increased by the war. But the question remains whether the ability to pay, especially among visitors from the Central Powers, has not fallen off. When one considers the new measures of socialization, the war taxes, and finally the unfavorable exchange (Austrian money is at present worth not even a fifth of its par value), grave doubts arise as to the possibility of ever restoring the Swiss hotels to a lucrative business basis. The hotel proprietors will not lack energy, and the Government will assist them to the best of its ability; but sacrifices on both sides cannot be carried beyond certain limits.

EDUARD FUETER

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Doubts

By JAMES C. HICKEY

WHERE is the light we saw?
Where is the star they bade us mark
When Death was screaming in our ears?—
The holy star that calmed our fears
And led us on?—Ah, God, 'tis dark!
Where is the light we saw?

What of the prize we won?
What of the precious boon they swore
We might bequeath to every age?
Go read upon the blackened page
The story of the cross we bore—
What of the prize we won?

Was it a painted shrine
Whereat we knelt? Have all the dead
Gone frustrate down into their graves?
Was it a thing of hoops and staves
Before which these our brothers bled?—
Was it a painted shrine?

In the Driftway

AS the Drifter came into town on an early morning train he looked with interest from the car window at the upper end of the long lines of fighting ships riding at anchor in the Hudson. The tide was running out and the destroyers all faced valiantly upstream, while banners of smoke gave a suggestion of movement, almost as if they were pursuing submarine monsters with relentless speed, restoring the freedom of the seas. Suddenly a cold chill freezes the marrow in the Drifter's bones. Is the revolution at hand? Have the Soviets captured the fleet? A red flag flutters up to each masthead, flaunting brazenly in the bright spring sunshine. Where is the Mayor? Where are our valiant amateurs of defence? The Drifter reaches for the emergency cord to stop the train, but a cheery bluejacket in the seat behind says hungrily: "Up goes the mess pennant—breakfast being served. It certainly looks good to me."

* * *

THE Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers Association, fearing the loss of some four billion dollars which returning emigrants threaten to take home with them, warns its correspondents against this latest evidence of "Bolshevik propaganda." The esteemed bankers remind the Drifter of his grandmother. That estimable lady for some unknown reason had a great aversion to tobacco. Her family did not share this prejudice. Grandmother spent her life opening windows and objecting. The sons spent their days closing windows and smoking. Out of this silent struggle the good old lady developed a novel mode of attack. Whenever one of her sons met with disaster—smallpox, a broken leg, or bankruptcy—she would smile an indulgent little smile: "What could you expect of a man who smokes six cigars a day?" When a statesman met defeat at the hands of his rivals in Parliament: "Didn't you tell me that he always smoked a pipe before he went to bed?" Indeed, the Drifter feels convinced that she connected earthquakes, floods, and other cataclysms in some mysterious way with the use of the weed. Her continuous attacks upon smoking drove three of her sons to the even more objectionable use of beer. The efforts of the bankers may meet a like fate.

* * *

THE opera season is ended but the Mexico season is well under way. By coincidence the Spanish opera opens in New York at the same time, and as if that were not enough one of the theatres has captured an iridescent dramatic soap bubble of Spanish fancy, and is treating it like a football. Of all these the Drifter prefers the Mexican opera bouffe. There was, for instance, the famous banquet of reconciliation, given by one general to pacify two rival generals, each of whom had planned to have the other shot at dawn. The Drifter's good friend was among the guests, each of whom had at least one six-shooter, and a picturesque assassin guarded every door and window. But the banquet passed off merrily and both the generals are still thriving. One of them has since become a renowned bandit, and is popularly supposed to have been killed oftener than a Russian grand duke.

* * *

THE Drifter hears that there are exactly seventy distinct revolutionary parties in Mexico. Why seventy? Why not be content with fifty-seven varieties? Have they forgotten Rory O'More's advice about odd numbers? To prove the army's adequacy to deal with seventy revolutions abreast, the Government must have a dress rehearsal. A grand parade of sandaled soldiers is an impressive sight—even if the uniforms be hired for the day. Why not? In an opera bouffe the Roman army legitimately appears by the endless chain method. But one of the seventy parties draws the Drifter's special applause. A music-loving bandit as hero-villain is a welcome figure on the stage, and when such an one conspires with the chorus, and together they descend upon the parading army and abduct the band—carrying off to their mountain fastness fourteen instruments and the men to play them, it makes a tuneful and triumphant third act. The Drifter listens to the interlude, hoping that the opera will be romantic to the end, and that no foreign bayonets will be introduced to turn it into tragedy.

THE DRIFTER

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Swinburne After Ten Years

By SAMUEL C. CHEW

CRITICISM must keep constant guard against the tyranny of tradition; only let a remark be repeated often enough and it becomes part of the literary historian's stock-in-trade, and is passed on from book to book, to stand in the way of appreciation of an artist's qualities and defects. In the decade that has elapsed since Swinburne's death (April 10, 1909) tradition has exercised a strong tyranny against his fame. In popular estimation he is still often imagined as one who says with Coelus in "Hyperion":

> I am but a voice;
> My life is but the life of winds and tides,
> No more than winds and tides can I avail.

"He lacks thought" is the usual verdict. Tennyson gave it an epigrammatic turn: "He is a reed through which all things blow into music." William Watson's lines "To a Certain Great Poet" whose strain is a mountain cataract that is lost in iridescence and spent in vapor, though written with Shelley in mind, serve as an expression of this opinion. Even the critics who have lately made him the subject of special study have generally been content to regard Swinburne's ideas as secondary in importance while they centred their attention upon questions of prosody and style. Nevertheless, from the clouds of depreciation that invariably cover a poet shortly after his death, he is emerging,—rather more swiftly than is usually the case in the history of a poet's prestige. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that the period of detraction came within his own lifetime. He did not suffer, as did Tennyson, from being representative of his age; a vanished epoch has, therefore, not taken so much of him along with it. He was not committed to the Victorian point of view, or hedged within insular boundaries. Part, at least, of his poetry has been strikingly applicable to the needs of our own time.

Let the over-fluency of Swinburne's style, the amount of repetition, and the scant variety of themes be admitted; the fact remains that the criticism that he was a mere juggler of words was first made by a generation unprepared for his ideas, a generation that ignored Meredith and was content to listen idly to Swinburne's music. His style, and especially the prevalence in it of anapæstic rhythms, could not but render the thought diffuse. The speed of his mental processes, the narrowness of his interests, and the complete control of his instrument led him to return often to the same general group of ideas. He approaches a theme now from one angle, now from another. But it is rare that the line of approach does not expose to the attentive reader some hitherto inconspicuous facet of an idea that may have crystalized years before. He makes large dependence upon the sympathy of the listener, imparting by means of the suggestiveness of his rhythms a distinct mental impression. For it is erroneous to hold that in poetry there can be no intellectual element apart from the logical development and promulgation of ideas. John Addington Symonds emphasizes the doctrine that in poetry "the application of ideas should not be too conscious, else the poet sinks into the preacher"; and Pater speaks of "a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject, so that the meaning reaches us through ways not distinctly traceable by the understanding." The poet, like the musician, need not, perhaps had better not, offer to his hearer a completely wrought out chain of thought. He may take to himself the function of the natural world whose myriad sounds—the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, the murmur of great waters—are the harmonies that accompany the meditation of the listener thereto. He thus contributes the alto and the basso of the music, depending upon the listener to supply the first part—the melody, the theme, the thought. Through the intricate turnings of verse, forms and substances present themselves with added glory.

During Swinburne's later life—"the Putney period"—the world lost interest in him. The initial impression that he made left nothing to startle people into attention thereafter. He could not hold their attention with the songs of respectability that till lately never failed to charm an English audience. From the time of his first success his instrument so perfectly suited his intents that he felt no inclination to experiment along novel lines of expression and thus did not avail himself of a means of awakening new interest. What he had to say, apart from the well-known manner of saying it, was in advance of his time, or rather it was abreast with the foremost thought of his time. Meanwhile the drift of literary fashion, when not obscured by the neo-mysticism with which he had nothing in common, was in the direction of a realism that he tried twice to imitate and both times without success, which was far removed from the romanticism of which he was the last important representative, and which left him in lonely preëminence.

His death ten years ago occasioned little comment and made no stir. At that time only two monographs had been devoted to the study of his poetry: an uncritical eulogy by Theodore Wratislaw and an eloquent but very generalized survey of his work by Professor Woodberry. Now there is a constantly growing library of criticism and comment: the biography by Gosse, critical studies by Drinkwater, Thomas, Whelby, and Henderson, numerous dissertations, and no less than three collections of his letters. Without doubt this reawakened interest is in part due to the publication of the biography. But not entirely. I have noted passages from "Songs Before Sunrise" quoted in the English journals more often in the last five years of stress and storm than any other poetry of former days except the "Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty" and Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth." There is a reason for this. Men who have had neither time nor inclination to heed the seductive melodies of "The Garden of Proserpine" and "A Forsaken Garden," who would be repelled by such *fleurs du mal* as "Dolores" or "The Leper," whose meditations upon death have taken other form than Swinburne's broodings upon the

> Low lands where the sun and moon are mute
> And all the stars keep silence,

have felt the appeal of that part of his verse to the significance of which none of his immediate contemporaries save such subtle thinkers as W. K. Clifford were alive. The poet's eyes were on the future; his scope was cosmopolitan. Ten years ago this was recognized in other countries than his own. At the time of his death this tribute was voiced in Paris: "He stood for the fraternization with the larger literary and political aspirations of the Latin peoples. . . . From the political point of view it is legitimate to regard

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Swinburne as one of the heralds and harbingers of the *entente cordiale*, for he sang of France and England as 'sister stars' in the European firmament." And the *Tribuna* of Rome said: "His love was neither exclusive nor selfish; he caught the voice of a people who yearned for freedom, and in his 'Songs Before Sunrise' their desire for life and liberty becomes an augury for the future of the whole human race." It is just because these "Songs" are, as Mr. Chesterton scoffingly says, "of a sunrise that never came up," because they fit in so pathetically little with the actual state of affairs in 1871 when the republican dawn of which he sang faded into the drab daylight of the Italian monarchy, that, being not of an age, they come the nearer to being of all time. The confidence in man's high destiny, set to music of lyric fervor unmatched in modern verse outside of Shelley and Hugo, subdues to its purposes the half-forgotten politics of the book. It is the confidence of Victor Hugo:

Au fond des cieux un point scintille.
Regardez, il grandit, il brille,
Il approche, énorme et vermeil.
O République universelle,
Tu n'es que l'étincelle,
Demain tu seras le soleil.

It is the confidence of the American poet whose centenary we are about to celebrate:

Not a grave of the murder'd for freedom but grows seeds for freedom, in its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and the snows nourish.

Swinburne was more than the herald of a mere *entente*. He sings the spirit of man, whose being is one with all life and which, though the individual passes, remains. He is the herald and the trumpet of *Mater Triumphalis*, the Life-Force which works in every organism secretly and brings each from a lower to a higher plane by processes which, being effected by no external compulsion, are the result of free action in every individual. Hence Freedom is necessary to each organism to bring it to perfection; and not alone within the individual soul but in the social order as well. The social organism cannot progress except through the exertion of conscience and reason; and it is this action, thus working, that Swinburne has in mind when he hails the coming Republic. Hertha, the Life-Force, the Unknown Reality, *Mater Triumphalis*, God—called by whatever name—is

The resurrection and redemption,
The godhead and the manhood and the life.

And with this transcendentalism there goes a very practical application. Swinburne is an irridentist, a believer in the right of "self-determination," before those phrases became current coin. With Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, and John Morley, he supported those liberals who urged upon England, absorbed in splendid and selfish isolation, the duty of intervention upon the Continent. Liberty, he declares, is not a mere gift to man; it is based on duty. The ideal is that of "a soul made strong for divinity of service." Hard tasks may be imposed on the individual for the benefit of the race.

Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate;
How should he die?

Seeing death hath no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head;
He hath bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

The devotees of our Lady of Liberty, who watch and work and wait all their years, to whom life is little and death is good to give, have been present upon the fields of Flanders and Serbia and Poland as they were present in the stanzas of "The Pilgrims" nearly fifty years ago. We are strangers and pilgrims as all our fathers were.

The poet's intuition, his penetration beneath "the shows o' the world," makes his voice that of the *vates*. Between the lines of the Prelude to the "Songs" one can read the disillusionment and hopelessness with which he regarded the Italian monarchy. When France was in the depths of her humiliation he prophesied her regeneration and her future position of leadership among the nations. He praised the humanitarianism of the great Western Republic, "taintless from tyranny." Strong Germany he distrusted as he watched her steadying her limbs and strengthening her feet. Towards Russia he displayed much greater confidence than do some of our so-called liberals of the present time. The poet's survey of "life immeasurable and imminent love," the "natural force in spirit and sense," that expands and reveals itself in all nature, culminates in a vision, almost mystical in intensity and unity, of the "serene Republic of a world made white." That goal is still far to seek. Meanwhile, *wir heissen euch hoffen*. Comfort and confidence may be found in great verse. For, as Gissing says, "the Poet is indeed a Maker; above the world of sense, trodden by hidebound humanity, he builds that world of his own whereto is summoned the unfettered spirit."

The Prussian Failure in Slesvig

By KAREN LARSEN

THE handful of Danes in Slesvig, only some 150,000 in all, form the smallest of the many groups that are looking hopefully to the peace settlement for the consummation of their national aspirations. They were also the last to make their voice heard. Yet no people have better vindicated the justice of their demands for a national life unhampered by foreign rule, and in their growing adherence to Danism the futility of national persecutions is surely made so plain that he that runs may read. Many a farm has not been up for sale for the last five hundred years. Though the German race and language forced their way a little distance beyond the old boundary line, the greater part of Slesvig remained strongly Danish in race, language, and sentiment.

It is especially through the severe test of the last fifty-four years that the Danes of Slesvig have vindicated their right to a recognition of their nationality. Left at the mercy of Prussia, few, unorganized, and weakened by the emigration of their young men, they not only withstood her systematic efforts to denationalize them, but, since the eighties, they have grown steadily in their adherence to Danish speech and thought. The tenacious vitality of their Danism can best be realized by a study of the repressive measures of Prussia which they have withstood.

How this old Danish land became a part of the Prussian state is well known. In 1864 Denmark became the first vic-

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tim of Bismarck's policy of blood and iron, being deprived not only of German Holstein, but also of Danish Slesvig. Ever since, the Danish Slesvigers have felt the heavy hand of Prussia upon them. In spite of the royal promise of William I to "his beloved subjects," that their peculiar local institutions would not be tampered with, Prussia began almost at once to force German "Kultur" upon the unwilling people. This campaign was continued with ever-increasing rigor. Every burst of German patriotism and every period of increased military preparedness was accompanied by a fanatic attack on any manifestation of Danism.

Foremost was the effort to suppress the Danish language. War was waged on it in the press and the church, in meetings and associations, through the courts and the administration, and most of all in the common schools. In fact, the common schools soon became the chief tool of Germanization. First, a reasonable amount of instruction in German was required; then German was made the vehicle of instruction in many classes; and finally, Danish was almost completely forced out of the schools. Nothing remained but a few periods of optional religious instruction in the mother tongue. Sometimes even this instruction was given at a time when the other children were on the play-ground, or requests for it were denied, and Danish children were intimidated by abusive language. There were many other examples of petty persecution of school children. They were punished for speaking Danish on the play-ground, and were forced to sing hated songs, such as "I am a Prussian Lad." Not content with this, Prussian officials forbade all private instruction in the Danish language and made every effort to hinder parents from sending their children to schools in Denmark.

Repeatedly the Danes complained of these abuses, and called attention to the disastrous effect on the schools as a whole. In vain they made the modest request that two hours a week be allowed for instruction in the Danish language. Most of all they hated the political purpose back of the language regulations. "I see in this arrangement of the school system," said Lassen in the Reichstag, "a war on the Danish nationality as a whole. I see in it efforts directed to the uprooting of Danism as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. But our nationality we neither can nor will ever resign."

When appeals failed, the Slesvigers organized to preserve their mother tongue. When Danish was driven out of the public schools, they organized private schools; when these were closed, they sent their children to Denmark to school; that, too, was prohibited, and, returning to the methods of more primitive days, they employed itinerant schoolmasters. Finally Danish instruction in the homes was also forbidden, and still the children learned to use the tabooed speech. The Association for Promoting the Danish Language is active in establishing Danish libraries and distributing Danish books, and as a result the young Slesvigers speak excellent Danish.

In the church the first step was to put in pastors whose Danish was so wretched that the whole service became a farce. Later, German services were introduced as rapidly as possible. Many were the complaints of the pastors who had to preach German sermons to empty pews. Thus one pastor found on a Sunday morning an audience of one servant girl, and she understood no German. She had been sent by the family, who wished to be properly represented at divine services. The language situation led to the organization of free congregations, that have flourished in the face of police regulations. But if a man after much delay and red tape succeeded in getting out of the State church and into an independent congregation, his troubles were not at an end. Persecutions followed him even to the grave. "No tolling of bells, no prayer, no hymns must be heard on the burial ground when members of the free congregations are laid to rest," and permission to have separate burial grounds was denied as "politically dangerous."

The establishment of German as the sole official language, and its exclusive use in the lower courts and the local assemblies, also caused many annoyances to the Danish population. Often competent interpreters were not provided, and many a North Slesviger suffered when his only offence was his inability to use the German language. Bills written in a non-German language were not collectible. In no case were methods of the Prussian gendarmes and other officials more high-handed and unbearable than in their persecution of Danish meetings and organizations. Countless instances of the flagrant abuse of the police power in this respect occurred. Of late years the many "Turnvereins" have been special objects of persecution.

But nothing roused the police to action quite so quickly as the singing of Danish songs. According to an order now fifty years old, Danish songs that might stir up opposition to Prussia were forbidden, and the decision in individual cases was left entirely to the discretion of the police. Therefore no Scandinavian song was secure from the wrath of the gendarmes. As the interruption of Danish gatherings became a veritable obsession with them, songs that had been permitted for the last thirty or forty years were suddenly classed as dangerous. Fines and imprisonment were repeatedly imposed for the singing of old Danish folk songs, student songs, and even religious songs—all of them most innocent and void of political significance. The Danes begged for a list of the tabooed songs, but as usual the Government was unwilling to limit the power of the police. As the war approached, the regulations controlling meetings were enforced with greater and greater stringency. Among the many instances the best known is that Roald Amundsen was forbidden to lecture in his own language on his discovery of the South Pole, because—and this was the only official reason given—the Norwegian language resembles the Danish too closely.

The determined efforts of Germany to merge this pitifully small people into an all-pervading Germanism furnishes an eloquent example of the stupidity of any attempt to attain uniformity by force. The persecuted people have developed a virile national consciousness and the fervor of martyrdom. Their rather indifferent adherence of half a century ago to the Danish language and institutions has been transformed into an ardent love for their mother tongue and a determined resistance to Germanization.

If the Danes could not be converted, they might be driven from the soil. In the last twenty-five years, large sums have been appropriated for the Germanization of North Slesvig by buying land from Danish proprietors and by aiding the German Society for North Slesvig in its work toward the same end. No surer way of rousing the opposition of the home-loving North Slesvigers could have been found, and this form of Prussianism accomplished practically nothing. There is still one other method by which the Prussians tried to keep the Danish element as small as possible. Whenever they could, they denied citizenship to persons of Danish

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sympathies, and they either banished non-citizens or placed almost unbearable restrictions upon them. The uncertainty with regard to their status as citizens and the changeable, but always oppressive, policy of Prussia in this matter, caused innumerable vexations and endless sufferings to the people of North Slesvig.

When Denmark resigned the duchies, the inhabitants of the ceded region were allowed to choose whether they wished to remain Danish or to become Prussian citizens. About 50,000 persons, mostly young men, left their homes. Many went to America, bringing with them a deep love of liberty and a bitter hatred of Germany. Others went to Denmark, hoping to return when their homes were again a part of the Danish realm. Though this hope was doomed to disappointment, many of these optants, as they were called, gradually drifted back to take up their work and their farms. Many were refused admittance to the German land, and more were denied re-naturalization. But in the nineties this chapter was considered practically closed. The twentieth century opened with renewed troubles. Just before the election of 1902, the officials, alarmed by the growing Danish vote, struck between four and five hundred names from the list of voters, because of some flaw in the claims to citizenship. Thus some two thousand persons were at once deprived of the protection of citizenship. Among them were veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, some of them crippled, and other men who for over a generation had been considered Prussian citizens. One man was ordered to move because he displayed the Danish red and white in the form of a stucco house with a tile roof. Danish colors were tabooed in North Slesvig and to wear a white dress and a red sash was a criminal offence. Protests against such persecutions always met with the reply that a "determined policy" was necessary on account of the Danish "agitation."

Every attempt to make Germans of the Slesvigers they have resisted. Always keeping within the law and never resorting to violence, they have nevertheless fought openly in defence of their Danism with dauntless courage and cheerful firmness. Emigration has been practically stopped, sale of land to Germans has been averted, and Danish papers of a high standard have been maintained; but the chief tools of resistance have been the many flourishing Danish organizations. Of these the most prominent are the School Association, numbering over 10,000 members, which has supported 5,208 students in Danish schools, and the Electoral Society. This has organized the Danish vote and has succeeded in keeping one representative in the Imperial Reichstag and two in the Prussian Landtag, who have kept alive in Berlin the claims of their countrymen.

The war sharpened the conflict. In the midst of her great struggle, Germany found time to continue and even to intensify all her old forms of oppression. Besides, this little people—always pitifully few—suffered all the hardships of war and lost over six thousand of their sons, who were forced to fight for a cause they loathed. Never have the Slesvigers been more weary of German rule. In culture, economic interests, and ideals, they are as much a part of Denmark as they have ever been. Now the Danish colors are once more floating over their land, their mother tongue is again spoken freely on the highways, and whatever the decision be regarding the exact boundary line, the Slesvigers are looking confidently for a settlement based on justice to a little people that has proved its virility and its right to live.

Correspondence

Little Denmark

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please allow me as a Dane to protest against your recent letter from Stockholm. Your correspondent writes: "These opposing forces, also, marked Scandinavia's attitude towards the war." So far he is right; in Sweden the Conservatives were pro-German and the Liberals and Socialists pro-Ally. But in Denmark the condition was not the same. Very few Danes are pro-German. All the pro-Germanism there is in Denmark is in the Radical and Socialist parties. As a member of the Moderate Left party I cannot help smiling when I see that we should be for "a spirited foreign policy." Surely nobody in little Denmark is for "a spirited foreign policy," but we do think it would be very unwise for a small power to begin disarmament so long as the Great Powers do not take the lead.

H. BOLLEMOSE

Vancouver, B. C., April 18

Schleswig-Holstein

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The paramount fact that the two German duchies Schleswig and Holstein were never tied to Denmark by other than wholly artificial diplomatic arrangements is usually ignored. The people of the two duchies themselves were the most vigorous opponents of Danish rule and shed their blood in various struggles to become German. The prevailing tone of the present discussion gives the impression that Schleswig-Holstein had been torn from Denmark against the will of the people. The truth is diametrically opposed to this assumption. The facts are easily accessible in works like McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" and Emerson's "History of the Nineteenth Century Year by Year." Lord Russell, McCarthy tells us, "had never countenanced or encouraged any of the acts which tended to the enforced absorption of the German population into a Danish system." But it needs no outsider to speak for the duchies. They spoke for themselves in 1848. On March 22 of that year, King Frederick VII called the leaders of the Eider-Dane party—the party which regarded the Eider River as the boundary of the Danish dominions, thus converting Schleswig into a Danish province—to take the reins of government. Here the issue was clearly drawn—no pretension to Holstein, but to Schleswig as far as the Eider. What was the result? A revolution. The people of Schleswig and Holstein protested (they were bound together by a historic charter which said they were "one and indivisible now and forever"). The people set up a provisional government at Kiel. The troops joined the people, and the insurrection spread over the whole province. The struggle for the ending of Danish rule began. A representative of the threatened duchies applied for admission to the German Bundesrath and was allowed to take his seat. Volunteers from all parts of Germany flocked to the northern frontiers. Prussia was intrusted with the defense of the duchies, and an attempt was made to organize a German fleet. Before General Wrangel could arrive to take command, "the untrained volunteer army of Schleswig-Holsteiners suffered defeat at Bau, and a corps of students from the University of Kiel was all but annihilated."

In all the numerous contributions that have been made to the problem affecting the future of Schleswig-Holstein, I have looked in vain for some reference to the events to which I have here briefly referred. For the Peace Conference to return the duchies, or any material part of them, to Denmark, would be the grossest act of violence that could be perpetrated to cast ridicule upon the whole doctrine of self-determination.

FREDERICK FRANKLIN SCHRADER

New York, April 15

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Literature

Admiral Jellicoe and the Grand Fleet

The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916. By Admiral Viscount Jellicoe. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IN a large, handsome, lavishly illustrated volume, Admiral Jellicoe gives his account of the "creation, development, and work" of the armada committed to his charge. From day to day, beginning with the outbreak of the war and continuing until he was relieved by Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, the operations of that armada are minutely detailed. On his side of the still vexed question of the results he accomplished, little or nothing remains to be said. With rare disingenuousness he has laid his cards upon the table. He did his full duty according to his lights; he has nothing to conceal; and apparently he is entirely satisfied with the results he achieved.

He has given to the world an astounding book. For candid self-portrayal it may well stand beside the autobiography of Baber, first Mogul Emperor of India. Whatever may have been Admiral Jellicoe's shortcomings as a naval leader, he cannot be accused of hiding his views, his motives, or his fears. Of hopes he appears to have had few or none. He only sought to escape disaster; and in this he was successful. "What more could have been asked of me?" is his query.

The fear of defeat is seen on every page, but never the will to victory. That a man of such a temperament and holding such opinions was placed in command of the mightiest fleet in all history is one of the tragedies of the Great War—possibly, through the consequences of his appointment, the greatest of all its tragedies. Jellicoe's personal bravery is not challenged and his personal integrity is not impugned; but, guided by such professional views as were his, how could he have consented to accept such a command at all? It is impossible not to feel that in this respect he was true neither to himself, to his service, nor to his nation. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that he was the product of a vicious school of naval thought. He entered the British Admiralty at a time when the material was given far more consideration than its right use; when every effort seems to have been devoted to increasing the list of capital ships; when the strength of navies was reckoned solely by their number of dreadnoughts; when little heed was paid to many ancillary matters needed to make those dreadnoughts effective. Worst of all, a woeful lack of vision appears to have existed in the Admiralty. The possibilities latent in aircraft, destroyers, and submarines, while not wholly ignored by it, were only recognized in their full measure by officers and critics outside its walls, who could not keep silent and who vainly urged that steps be taken to counteract the menace. For the absence of concrete plans to deal with the new problems introduced into naval warfare, and to overwhelm the enemy immediately upon the opening of hostilities, Jellicoe must bear his full share of responsibility.

In the conduct of his fleet at Jutland it is not unjust to say that he violated practically all the great principles which, in the past, brought glory to the British Navy and peace to the British Empire. For example, when off Cape St. Vincent in 1798, Sir John Jervis, with only fifteen sail of the line, awaiting the approach of the Spanish fleet, was told that there were eight, then twenty, and at last twenty-five enemy vessels in sight. The grand old man replied: "Enough, Sir, no more of that; the die is cast; and if there are fifty sail I will go through them." Farragut, second only among naval heroes to Nelson, thus expressed his intention at Mobile: "The chances are that I shall lose some of my vessels by torpedoes or the guns of the enemy, but with some of my fleet afloat I shall eventually be successful; I cannot lose all. I will attack regardless of consequences and never turn back." This he did, and thus he won his great victory.

In his early chapters, in fact all through his book, Jellicoe dwells constantly upon the enemy's superiority in submarines, destroyers, and in such technical equipment as searchlights, armour-piercing shells, and fire-control apparatus. A menace the submarines undoubtedly were, as might have been foreseen, but only so when roaming freely over and under the waters. At all costs, it would appear, they should have been blocked or blockaded in their own ports at the outset. If this were not humanly possible everywhere, at least it might have been done at some points, leaving fewer exits to watch. If Jellicoe made any serious move in this direction he fails to record it. What the neglect of this obvious precaution has entailed in the millions of tons of shipping ruthlessly sunk and in lives lost is beyond computation, yet the precaution itself was brought to the attention of the Admiralty in ample time. The consequence of this exaggeration of the defence, this withdrawal of the fleet into safe anchorages, resulted in the Germans issuing at will, not only with submarines, but with other craft which laid mines wherever they liked, even off the harbors in which the British battleships sought safety. The pound of cure for this state of affairs was far more expensive and dangerous than would have been the ounce of prevention.

The chapter on "Naval Strategy in Home Waters" presents Jellicoe's views of his task, and presumably reflects those of the Admiralty. They were quite unreservedly limited to defence. Nothing more was sought than the mere *existence* of his tremendous fleet, which was considered determinative in itself. After enumerating "the main objects for which our Navy exists," he does remark that these objects "are achieved in the quickest and surest manner by destroying the enemy's armed naval forces. . . . The fleet exists to achieve victory." These fine words are immediately followed by "But history" and so forth—a "but" which extends through many pages.

In further support of his reliance upon material rather than upon a vigorous use of his own powers, he compares (on pages 307 *et seq.*) the British and German vessels of like classes, to the disparagement of the former. He strongly resembles our own General McClellan in magnifying unduly the dangers to be overcome. It was therefore most unlikely that victory could perch upon his banners.

However able Jellicoe's conduct of his fleet at other times, his reputation must rest upon his use of that fleet at Jutland. By that test must it stand forever in history. Naturally, therefore, the reader will turn at once to the story of the battle, the details of which, where his fleet are concerned, are related with great and candid particularity. Considerations of space forbid a technical analysis here. So far as known, Jellicoe had twenty-four battleships and ten battle cruisers under his own command on May 31, 1916, together with four battleships and six battle cruisers under Sir David Beatty, with which to engage the German High Sea Fleet of seventeen battleships and four battle cruisers. Cruisers, destroyers, and submarines are omitted from this statement. From such a disparity of force only one result could have been predicted; yet the High Sea Fleet, after losing three battleships (probably four) and one battle cruiser, and after sinking fourteen British vessels, large and small, returned to its base in Wilhelmshaven, to claim a great victory in the "repulse" of "the British Grand Fleet." The news of the outcome of this first large naval action since Trafalgar in which the British had taken part cast a gloom over the whole Empire. Surely, it was believed, more could rightly have been expected. Sir David Beatty did his work with characteristic vigor and dash, trying first to lead the Germans toward Jellicoe, who was approaching from the northwest; then, finding his chief slow in coming up, dashing gallantly in to head them off. It is true that the weather conditions were unfavorable to the British—hence all the more reason for getting in close touch with the enemy while there was yet daylight. Instead of this, at 7.23 P. M. Admiral Jellicoe made a fatal turn away from von Scheer.

Jellicoe speaks of the difficulty of determining how to deploy his own ships for battle. It will be remembered that Beatty had long been hotly engaged. To march toward the sound of the guns is an old military maxim which might well have been

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followed in this case. Indeed, Beatty's ship, the Lion, had been seen at 6.00 P. M., yet Jellicoe did not deploy his six parallel columns into fighting order till 6.16 P. M. It is axiomatic that changes of course inevitably throw a ship's guns off the target. This error cost Rojestvensky the battle of Tsu-Shima. Undeterred by such an example, Jellicoe shifted his helm no less than six times in thirty-six minutes, forming and reforming his fleet, which was in action only thirteen minutes, from 7.10 P. M. till 7.23 P. M. The British Articles of War prescribe the duty of a Flag Officer or Captain "to go to the assistance of a known friend to the utmost of his power." This Jellicoe should have done at 6.00 P. M., but he waited till 6.14 P. M., and then so deployed as to take out of action the starboard division (then supporting Beatty) and, indeed, the whole fleet. He formed the latter into the original six columns, deployed again in a line parallel with the Germans, who sent their destroyers to attack with torpedoes. Unlike Farragut, who on a memorable and much more critical occasion said: "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"—Jellicoe promptly turned his ships away at 7.23 P. M., increasing the range by nearly two thousand yards. Whereupon von Scheer at once took up an opposite course, and fled to the safety of his home port. Thus was the Battle of Jutland lost to the British through the false idea that battles can be won without risk or loss.

The fruits of this failure are difficult to estimate, yet certain facts stand out clearly in the annals of the war. In May, 1916, Germany's armies had not accomplished their task, but had suffered severe reverses. The morale of her people was at low ebb, due to these military checks and the effect of the blockade. The Kaiser's resounding and partly justified claim of a great naval victory served to reanimate his people, and the war lasted two and a half years longer. Some intelligent critics affirm that had Jellicoe defeated von Scheer the German people would have given up before the year ended; Russia would not have gone to pieces; Bolshevism would never have raised its head; millions of gallant men now dead would be living today; America would not have had to go to war; and the policy of ruthlessly sinking innocent merchantmen would have died stillborn. These critics may be wrong, but their contentions cannot be ignored; the truth is largely on their side.

In his book Admiral Jellicoe reveals himself as a charming person, generous in his appreciations, frank and straightforward. Yet his own words condemn him as being wholly unfit for the task put upon him.

French Symbolists and Impressionists

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons. New and enlarged edition. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE addition of fifty-four pages of translation from Paul Verlaine—Verlaine's most exquisite verse in exquisite and undistorted reflection—would alone justify Mr. Arthur Symons's new edition of "The Symbolist Movement in Literature." With these, there are two new versions of Mallarmé—one the famous fragment, "Hérodiade"; there are essays on Balzac, Mérimée, and the brothers Goncourt, and briefer chapters on Gautier, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Léon Cladel, and the method of Zola. Thus the text contains, with all the material of the first edition, one hundred and fifty pages of essays until now left ungathered in the English reviews; not to speak of the new bibliographies now accompanying them, or the additional data given in certain of the others.

The inclusion of some of these studies, portraying as they do realists or romanticists not directly related to the original group, would seem to call for a change of title: academic critics may well complain that Mr. Symons has yielded to the temptation of mere book-making. But in the end the added essays have not merely the contrasting value of a foil. Their relation to the original group is a personal one; symbolist and impressionist, Mr. Symons is writing of types which have interested him as symbolist and impressionist, and writing, moreover, at dates which bring these pages within six or seven years of the time of his first edition, 1899. So an unchanged Introduction defines the purpose of the volume: to show the symbolist movement as a reaction—philosophically, from positivism and the cult of science; æsthetically, from that realism which, even for verse, produced in the marmoreal rhetoric of Leconte de Lisle its analogue of the prose created by Balzac and Flaubert. Naturally, then, the author will see in Balzac not the historian he dreamed himself to be, but the poet—a "poet whose dreams were facts," who saw humanity as "incarnate passion, more logical than life, more typical, and having in its veins an energy almost more than human." Because Balzac thought himself an historian, because he dealt in material things, putting the philosophy set forth through the symbolism of "Séraphita" into the very tangible figures of his very concrete world, we have all looked upon him as the realist: the true Balzac is the dreamer, the poet, the visionary and the seer—the Balzac of Rodin. In so far, at least, Balzac is a symbolist, a poet smothered in matter.

But the portrait of Mérimée has no such claim to inclusion: the symbolism of the "Vénus d'Ille," if any, only degenerated into the broad license of the later "Lokis"; one must not confound the mystic and the mystifier. Plain enough, of course, is the attraction felt in that enigmatic personality, the brutal realist of "Tamango" and the half-tender, half-mocking correspondent of the "Lettres à une Inconnue"—the romanticist who, significantly, ended as a conscientiously dull scholar, cultivating the facts of history and archæology for their own sake; and who only twice or thrice, in all the last quarter century of his life, condescended to write as an artist, as the pure artist that he was before his early affectation of Byronic detachment grew into the real indifference of the man of the world. The brief study of Gautier, too, is pertinent only as a foil to symbolism: as with Flaubert, the question is likewise the miracle of his art. Next in order, Baudelaire is dismissed in five unsatisfying pages. Here surely was an opportunity and a need; for Baudelaire, "in whom the spirit is always an uneasy guest at the orgy of life," was after all the real father of this movement in his sonnet, "Les Correspondances." But the Goncourt essay has its place and its value: first as a vivid personal sketch, then as a study of the methods of these inventors of impressionism, differentiated from Flaubert by an acuity of vision and nerves such as distinguished Whistler from Manet. By their special and often fantastic points of view, the brothers Goncourt created an art which is a step toward symbolism; and their art was a phase through which this critic too had passed. And he finds a like exotic interest, mainly formal, in Léon Cladel; but it is the attraction of opposite poles which leads him to study the methods of Zola, that inverted romanticist who paints a world of men disfigured by the dark green glasses of his pessimism. Finally, a new chapter of thirty pages on Joris Karl Huysmans sketches the first part of that novelist's evolution from Naturalist to mystic, dwelling largely upon the prose masterpiece of the transitional "Decadence"—the novel "A Rebours." The other portraits are all to be found, substantially unchanged, in the old edition; the same "Conclusion," so plainly echoing, in a different key, the colorful "Postscript" of his master Pater in "The Renaissance," leaves the reader disturbed and wistfully attentive, as to an interrupted strain of music.

How engagingly all this post-romanticism is presented, how rich a glamor is shed over its essential unhealthiness by the magic of the style! We know, now, that mysticism, like romantic Rousseauism, usually finds its physical basis in neurasthenia, in that psychic exhaustion of races or individuals which lets down the bars of the rational to the invasion of subconscious impulse and feeling. But it is not as a philosophy—it is as an interpretative criticism that we value these studies, so delicately wrought: to no one since Pater has been given the clairvoyant vision through which this oversensitized artist's soul reflects all that romanticism of the nerves, refracts it into component ele-

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ments, gives the sensation of even the ultra-violet in his analyses, as the edge of the prism intercepts these various rays. As he himself says of Jules Laforgue, "it is an art of the nerves . . . and it is what all art would tend towards if we followed our nerves on all their journeys. There is in it all the restlessness of modern life, the haste to escape from whatever weighs too heavily on the liberty of the moment, that capricious liberty which demands only room to hurry itself weary. It is distressingly conscious of the unhappiness of mortality, but it plays, somewhat uneasily, at a disdainful indifference." Only such a talent, sensitive, hyperæsthetic, with nerves refined to the very edge of neurasthenia, could adequately present to us the lucidly imaginative insanity of Gérard de Nerval; the dazzling mirages of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, so insolently disdainful of the commonplace; the exasperated impressionism of Huysmans; the remote yet dazzling obscurity of Mallarmé; the tense "fateful silences" of Maeterlinck's dramas, "fear shivering through them like a damp mist coiling up out of a valley"; the ineffable morbidezza of Verlaine's poetry, "that disembodied voice" whose pure bird-note is so marvellously caught for us in the translated lyrics.

To Mr. Symons, all this comet-dust is as clear as the world in which he has lived and moved and had his being—that *fin de siècle* world whose æsthetic cult of the self seems likely to perish in an age more socialized and more altruistic. But pass as it may, no middle-aged amateur of modern French poetry will care to miss this volume, if perchance he missed its predecessor of twenty years ago. As Anatole France has said, although it was to explain his mistrust of symbolism and his preference for a more classical art: "Nous n'aimons, nous ne lisons que les poètes de notre jeunesse."

The Old Order Changeth

The British Revolution and the American Democracy. By Norman Angell. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

IT is not mere pulpit paradox that the idealist is the true realist. It is so in sheer fact; and Mr. Norman Angell proves it. His distinction is the direct and singularly self-verifying way in which he reports the things he sees. Many of those public persons who plume themselves on a realistic habit of mind are plainly incorrigible sentimentalists who let feeling do the work of thought. Mr. Angell feels as deeply as any of them, but his feeling is steadied by a discipline of quiet and incorruptible reflection in the light of a certain body of well-tested principles. These principles he has inferred from his observation and study of history; and if they entitle Mr. Angell to be counted an idealist, no less do they mark him as a stark rationalist. Consequently, he enables us to see events and things in the only setting in which they can be properly understood, namely, in their historical context; and though the history be that of yesterday, he stands sufficiently clear of it to see and to show us its elements in their true relations. This kind of thing has been called "inspired common sense"; but by whatever name one calls it, it is a rare gift. And Mr. Angell is conspicuous among his contemporaries in the possession of it.

Mr. Angell has written his "British Revolution and the American Democracy" in order to point out to the American people the moral of certain happenings in England. He recognizes, as most competent observers do, that the centre of gravity of public interest is shifting from the political to the economic region. Of this change, the Russian Revolution with its Bolshevist sequel is the most intense and dramatic sign; but the ferment which has wrought such strange consequences in Russia is afoot in every country. That profound and far-reaching economic changes are at the door is no longer arguable; the one question which still remains open is how this transformation is to be brought about in the industrial nations of the West.

At the moment there is in America a tendency to fall into a panic; and the spectre of Bolshevism is stirring timid men to advocate hysterical devices to secure the *status quo*. This is not unnatural, but it is of course quite futile. The attempt to discredit all liberal and radical enquiry by calling it Bolshevist, the stupid and ill-natured effort to extinguish discussion in foreign languages, and the general consent to work up a scare by whatever means, or alternatively to run other "stunts" in order to deflect interest from the economic restlessness—all these familiar tactics are from the nature of the case self-defeating. The only sane and fruitful method of handling this problem is, in the first place, to acknowledge and bow to the inevitable, and then quietly to seek out the means by which the change can be effected with a minimum of dislocation and hardship.

It is at this point that Mr. Angell helps us. He throws into sharp contrast the Russian method and the British. He might indeed have helped us even more than he does, had he analyzed the Russian position in more detail and shown how patently inapplicable to the situation of the commercial communities of the West is such an expedient of revolution as "the dictatorship of the proletariat." It is the misfortune of America and England that the economic functions of production, distribution, and administration have created the corresponding social divisions of proletariat, bourgeoisie, and plutocracy; and the problem of the English-speaking radical is the obliteration of the social differentiation without wrecking the economic mechanism. In Russia the case is different. Russia is overwhelmingly agricultural, the distributive function is undeveloped, and so its bourgeoisie is infinitesimal. The dictatorship of the proletariat becomes in these circumstances hardly more than a variation upon the respectable theme of "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

But there is another difference of no less importance, namely, the habituation of the English-speaking peoples to representative institutions. It is indeed an open question whether these institutions in their present form are adequate to the business of accomplishing the social changes that are imminent. Mr. G. D. H. Cole is apparently skeptical of their ability to carry the transformation through, and he seems to expect a point at which "direct action" may be required in order to complete the process. As far as England is concerned, Mr. Angell rightly declines to share this skepticism, though he would no doubt agree that the existing machinery of parliamentary government is at many points in sore need of rigorous adaptation to the exigencies of the revolution now in progress. With America the situation is somewhat more difficult. The Fathers of the nation were good republicans but faint democrats; and the checks and balances which they introduced into the Constitution as a safeguard against the waywardness of the common people have in effect made the machinery of Government inordinately cumbersome and insensitive to the movement of popular opinion. The American people might do worse than ask themselves whether the coming extension of the democratic principle into the economic region does not require "a change in the form of government," despite the tremors which that vague phrase seems to excite in the breasts of the members of Senator Overman's now justly celebrated committee.

In his exposition of the British Labor programme, Mr. Angell covers ground familiar enough by now to readers of the *Nation*. The general point which he makes has received very emphatic endorsement in the findings of the recent National Industrial Conference in England. That whole incident requires more extended notice, and doubtless will receive it when its details reach this country. Meantime, it is pertinent to observe how far it goes, on the one hand, to prove Mr. Angell's contention that "absolute" Socialism is disappearing in favor of a general socializing tendency in radical social programmes, and, on the other, to show that the resources of frank discussion by men of good will (whatever their formal party affiliations may be) are very far from being exhausted.

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There is much more in Mr. Angell's discussion of the present tendencies which is worth the closest study. His argument that there is nothing in Socialism which of itself guarantees a warless world, his plea for the spirit of adventure in social change, his warning against the danger of a "servile" state—all this is very much to the point. But most of all should we at this moment pay heed to the two impressive chapters with which the volume closes. They state unanswerably the case for freedom of opinion and discussion. Mr. Angell does not take the "high" ground of right and principle, but demonstrates his thesis on the lower ground of policy and expediency. Dissenting opinion should not merely be tolerated, even in time of war, but should even be encouraged, for the simple reason that mass-opinion can only be kept healthy and balanced when it is open to discussion and criticism; only so can the mob-mind be transformed into a reasoned public opinion. It can, moreover, be historically demonstrated that dissent has frequently proved to be the organ of political and social progress. The society which becomes intolerant of dissent is committing slow suicide. The society which is incapable of dissent is already dead.

Two Monographs on the Theatre

A History of Costuming on the English Stage Between 1660 and 1823. By Lily B. Campbell. University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature.

The Realistic Presentation of American Characters in Native American Plays Prior to 1870. By Perley I. Reed. Ohio University Bulletin.

THE history of the costume and of the general theory of dramatic presentation from Shakespeare's time to our own is the history of the change from an imaginative and poetical theatre to one which is realistic and pictorial. Miss Campbell's "History of Costuming on the English Stage Between 1660 and 1823," a study of a most important part of this history, hardly alludes to this change, and therefore we think her treatment incomplete. Miss Campbell herself might say that her chief intention had been to study just what actually were the conditions of the stage (a matter which she illustrates very well indeed), and not in showing any tendency in development or theory. But she is clearly interested in a tendency, although it is a tendency different from that just mentioned. She views the series of interesting facts which she has gleaned from a wide range of reading as having significance as a part of the romantic movement. This is perhaps well enough. The facts are the facts, and if one is particularly interested in the romantic movement one will arrange them so as to fit in with one's ideas. But we think the more important interest is in the general tendency, in the time since Shakespeare, for the theatre to lose its imaginative character and become more simply a matter of representation. The poetry of Shakespeare is largely due to the fact that in his day the stage had little to offer except poetry. Nowadays the stage offers no poetry to speak of, because it offers something else, something almost incompatible with poetry. Miss Campbell's paper provides much useful and interesting information about the chief period of this development, though of the principal matter which her facts illustrate she says almost nothing.

Another academic addition to the literature of the theatre is Professor Reed's study of "The Realistic Presentation of American Character in Native American Plays Prior to 1870." It is not widely known that there were any native American plays before 1870; but of course the theatres were constantly acting something, and Mr. Reed has gathered a list of six or seven hundred native plays to study. His results are curious. Of these plays only about one-third deal with American conditions. But of those which do deal with American conditions, and which therefore have American characters, not any are among the best American plays of the time and not any of the characters have permanent interest. In fiction the novelists created Leatherstocking and Hester Prynne; the dramatists created nothing. Mr. Reed's results are not merely negative; he is interested in showing some positive characteristics of the theatre in the period dealt with—for instance, its tendency away from realism and towards imagination and declamation. We are rather more interested in seeing that for a hundred years no one in America could write an American play of lasting value. In the drama, as in some other forms of art, American life languished for lack of a genius. Just the reason for this lack is not of great immediate interest; we are more concerned with what we can do to-day or to-morrow than with what we could not do a hundred years ago. Still, the reason may be turned to our uses. We believe it to be this: with an effort increasingly realistic in stage presentation (as Miss Campbell shows) and in the portrayal of character (as Mr. Reed shows) the dramatist had too serious a task for the amateurish conditions of our stage. In the conditions of the theatre in 1850, say, it was simply impossible to present upon the stage life in America as it actually was. The efforts towards that impossibility were therefore pathetic or tedious or what not else. The idealistic writer who aimed at stimulating the imagination without the discouraging comparison of the effort after actual fact stood a better chance than the realist. Realistic presentation has grown to wonderful proportions to-day; theatre-goers may be interested in determining whether it is a help and stimulus to the dramatist or a distraction and a competition. These two monographs give a good many facts in the long history that are not familiar.

Tales and Fables

The Song of the Sirens, and Other Stories. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Anchors Aweigh. By Harriet Welles. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Valley of Visions. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. WHITE'S impressive romance of Paraguayan life under the dictator Francia was followed by a rather strained and absurd romantic comedy of Rome. In his zeal to bring the past alive and to make us feel that Romans, even Emperors and Vestals, were real "folks," he gave them the manners of modern clubmen and boarding-school misses, and the speech of the more exuberant of these United States, at this somewhat later date. "The Unwilling Vestal" was unduly spun out; it had the makings of a sketch for the present volume. Seven of these ten tales are drawn from Greek or Roman life; "The Elephant's Ear," to be exact, is a story of Hannibal. This story, like "The Fasces" and "The Swimmers," frankly owes its idea to a quoted sentence from the "Strategematicon" of Julius Frontinus. They are all successful, but the last-named particularly so, in catching a dramatic hint from the sober lines of the chronicler, and reading life into it. Here is our cue for "The Swimmer": "Liburni, cum vadosa loca obsedissent, capitibus tantum eminentibus fidem fecerunt hosti alti maris ac triremem, quae eos persequebatur, implicatam vado ceperunt." The story-teller's fancy is roused by the question: What happened to the Roman captain who let his ship be coaxed upon a shoal and taken in this ridiculous fashion? Let the trireme be a whole fleet, the captain a young commodore, with his career before him, ambitious and a lover. What did the Emperor do to him? The answer we find in this narrative is romantic, but by no means impossible. The title-story links present and past—the tale of a crew who, adventuring in mysterious waters, fall victims to the deathless enchantment of the authentic Sirens of old, all but the stone-deaf man who for a time survives. The refreshing thing about these well-told tales is their non-conformity to the present American code of the short story. They do not remind us of the work of twenty other performers of this particular hour; their substance and flavor are their own.

"Anchors Aweigh" is a group of stories primarily about, or out of, navy life rather than our navy in the recent war. Mrs.

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Welles is the wife of an American naval officer who has seen service in many waters. Her tales are of the man at sea, not as a machine or even as a hero, but as a fellow-being who is not able to leave his private heart ashore, and drags at each remove a lengthening cable. They are all written from the point of view of the woman at home. "Between the Treaty Ports" and "The Admiral's Hollyhocks" are romantic tales of West and East gathered by a navy wife as she "follows her husband's ship up and down the Asiatic station." The rest are stories of partings and homecomings, tragic choices between love and duty, loyalty to a cause and loyalty to one's own. They are strongly and simply written, with sentiment but without whining. They keep the ancient faith in the need and glory of a special devoted caste, on the sea as well as on the land, a kind of aristocracy of personal sacrifice and organized authority, vowed to deny itself normal living in order to defend our normal lives against kindred aristocracies flourishing under other flags. That faith is under challenge now, seriously for the first time in history.

The sketches, tales, and fantasies in Dr. Van Dyke's new miscellany, "The Valley of Vision," represent the literary by-product of his wartime experience. They barely allude, even by indirection, to his difficult and efficient service as American Minister to Holland during the first three years of the war. But with the exception of "The Boy of Nazareth Dreams," written before 1914, and "Salvage Point," the rather pointless anecdote that precedes it, they are all, as one may say, war-conscious. "Antwerp Road" and "A City of Refuge" are sketches of the war as Holland saw it in the early days. "A Sanctuary of Trees" is a picture of Belgium in her beauty and dignity under the foot of the invader. "The Hearing Ear" and "A Classic Instance" are in a way complementary studies of the influence of academic questions even in time of war—the former a pragmatic argument in favor of the study of German in American schools, the latter an exhibit for the study of the classic literatures as inspirers of the heroic virtues. A number of the tales written during the war are bitter against the Prussian and especially the Kaiser. But a little group of three fables near the middle of the book show Dr. Van Dyke as not among those who have wished to avenge wrong with wrong. The first, dated February, 1918, is of a Guest who proves himself a traitor to the House that has sheltered him, unlatches the door to the enemy without, and is fitly punished for his treason. The second, dated in August of the same year, represents a Criminal with a Crown coming to the end of his resources and seeking asylum. But Earth will not contain him, nor Sea nor Air, for he has profaned them all, and Fire would but devour him. "So he fled to the foot of the Great White Throne. And as he kneeled there, broken and abased, the world was silent, waiting for the sentence of the Judge of All." Finally, the third, dated two months after the signing of the armistice, is a fable of an Avenger who at last has it in his power to wreak vengeance upon the City that has so sorely persecuted him and his people. But he finds the City itself a place of desolation and tears, "old men and women and children, a motley throng of sufferers." And he weeps and says: "You have done me great wrong. But the fire of hatred is burnt out, and in the ashes of vengeance we are going to plant the seeds of peace." In what guise, we may wonder, would the fabulist sum up the present? "It is in the valley of suffering, endurance, and self-sacrifice," he says, "that the deepest visions of the meaning of life come to us." Well, we are still in that valley. Dr. Van Dyke does not appear to see a way out of it through an upheaval of crude humanity from beneath. He would look rather to a better ordering of society as, in the main, it is now constituted; and might take as motto the dictum of his Professor De Vries: "No democracy ever has survived, or ever will survive, without an aristocracy at the heart of it. Not an aristocracy of birth and privilege, but one of worth and intelligence; not a band of hereditary lords, but a company of well-chosen leaders."

Books in Brief

THE making of an anthology is a thankless task, however delightful, for one's readers are sure to take one's book as a point of departure from which they proceed to construct a book that is more to their mind. They are so busy regretting this omission and that inclusion as to forget to be grateful enough for the bounty that has been spread for them. We confess to this reprehensible frame of mind as we turn the pages of Lady Sybil Scott's "A Book of the Sea" (Oxford University Press). The idea is excellent, and the book itself, in spite of what we regard as its defects, will prove a boon to sea-lovers, whether they read it upon the shore, or "in cabin'd ships at sea," or use it to console the long hours of an inland exile. But when we reflect what might have been made of it, our gratitude gives way to regret. In the "Editor's Note" occurs the fatal word "representative," and this is the source of our disappointment. Such a book, we think, should be sheer poetry, without the intrusion of historical considerations. The modern reader will not miss the couplets of Chapman's "Odyssey," especially if he is offered, as he is here, a generous specimen of Butcher and Lang or of Worsley; he can dispense with Samuel Daniel's "Ulysses and the Syren" without any compensation whatever. Laurence Minot, the Earl of Surrey, Charles Cotton, Giles Fletcher, William Falconer, and many more have added nothing to the poetry of the sea; their place in a collection of this kind is merely historical. Our quarrel with them is that they crowd out verse upon which the spell of ocean has really been laid—Thomas Edward Brown's "The Schooner," Tennyson's "Fair ship, that from the Italian shore," Arnold's "Yes! in the sea of life enisled," Sir Henry Newbolt's "Messmates," Lionel Johnson's "In Falmouth Harbor" and "Cadgwith," William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors," to name only a few of our *desiderata*. We heartily approve the inclusion of translated passages from Homer, Theocritus, Moschus, Virgil, Horace, and epitaphs from the Greek Anthology (though of these last there are far too few), and of untranslated selections from Baudelaire, Hugo, Gautier, Verlaine, Dante, Leopardi, Pascoli, and Carducci; but we regret the omission of those seven matchless lines in Catullus's "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis" describing a sunrise over the ocean, and the final unforgettable chapter of "Pêcheur d'Islande," which tells how Yann celebrated his marriage with the sea. If it were not for that unfortunate word "representative" in the "Editor's Note," all these joys might have been ours, and our pleasure in this delightful book would have been without a flaw.

IN a small volume entitled "Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870" (Macmillan), by Captain Barry Cerf of the University of Wisconsin, the story of the unhappy provinces is once more told from a strongly pro-French point of view. The book is nevertheless based to a considerable extent upon German authorities, with the aim of convicting the Germans "out of their own mouths." The story is concisely told, with a great deal of quotation and statistical information. The author admits that the demand for autonomy which became the popular cry from about 1890 was sincere, although it was due to the apparent hopelessness of ever obtaining restoration to France rather than to any Germanization of the provinces. He thinks that since the war the desire for restoration to France has become general, and maintains that a plebiscite would be impossible. That may be true, but it is difficult to understand his contention that for France to agree to a plebiscite, even if it were practicable, would be "tantamount to a recognition of the justice of the Treaty of Frankfort." It would seem, on the contrary, that in so far as France takes Alsace-Lorraine back as a result of military conquest simply, she thereby justifies annexation by conquest, and in so far justifies the Treaty of Frankfort. "It is just to follow what is just, it is necessary to follow what is stronger," as Pascal says. France recognized the Treaty of Frankfort be-

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cause Germany was stronger, not because she acted justly. For France to break the Treaty of Frankfort because she is now the stronger would be precisely to perpetuate the situation created by the Treaty of Frankfort. It may be that a plebiscite is impracticable; but the best way for France to repudiate the justice of the Treaty of Frankfort would be to make it perfectly clear that she does not hold Alsace-Lorraine as a result of conquest. There are ways of doing this without resorting to a formal plebiscite. Like most writers on Alsace-Lorraine, Captain Cerf has rather exaggerated the importance of these provinces in bringing about the war as well as in establishing a durable peace.

AMID the increasing mass of books dedicated to social Christianity, it is pleasant or disappointing, according to one's affinities, to find a study dedicated to plain old-fashioned personal religion. "The Kingdom That Must Be Built" (Macmillan), by the ever-popular war-chaplain, W. J. Carey, includes a social factor, as its title implies; but it approaches its subject from a personal angle. The writer's experience with soldiers has probably helped him to directness of style and an agreeable touch of actuality. The book keeps within the strict limits of the older orthodoxy, and is none the worse on that account for the audience to which it is addressed—an audience docile to instruction about prayer and sacraments. Its orthodoxy is free from all objectionable features; it is wholesome and tender, satisfying many deep and universal needs; and it "carries on" into a buoyant sense of responsibility for building the kingdom of righteousness. The book has nothing for the thinker; it breaks no new trails, but contentedly trudges along those well-tried paths which lead straight to the Holy City through a well-arranged landscape; and the vogue of the author's other works shows that there are many to follow his safe guidance. Perhaps the most interesting passage is this on mysticism: "As we brace ourselves to set out to find truth, beauty, perhaps God Himself, we discover among ourselves mysterious people—people who have not found God, but God has found them. . . . Now this book is not written for them. . . . A mystic is not necessarily a Christian. There are true mystics among Mohammedans and Buddhists who have been found by God but who have not found Christ yet." Mr. Carey goes on to analyze a mystic as one "whose spiritual perceptions are abnormal and excessively acute." "A landscape, or a mountain, a symphony or a picture, the spring or the changing skies, are but veils through which a Presence strives to reveal itself to the soul. . . . Nature and life are but parables to such." But, surely, not only mystics, however that abused term be defined, but everybody in the least religious thinks of the world in that way, however pedestrian and "normal" he may be. And the touch of mysticism in Mr. Carey's own composition imparts at times a living freshness and a hint of imaginative insight to a book which otherwise, to be candid, would have small appeal for the educated reader.

WITH national prohibition knocking at our doors, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's book on "Beverages and their Adulteration" (Blakiston) might evoke in the prospective reader visions of "soft drinks" scientifically discussed for the illumination of a dry continent. But only about one-fourth of the book deals with this harmless category of drinkables, the remainder being devoted to those beverages against which collective morality seems to have taken a determined stand. In his preface the author states that "water is the typical beverage and in the hope of its coming into more general use it occupies the place of honor" in the book. The first sixty-five of the four hundred and twenty pages therefore discuss this "only one beverage for real thirst" chiefly as regards modern methods of water supply and purification. Much useful and interesting information on this subject, not usually found in a book which aims at a simple description of the common beverages, is given here. The following chapters on mineral waters, soft drinks, and fruit juices are relatively brief in view of the probable importance of these beverages in the future. The author very properly calls attention to the dangers attendant upon the excessive imbibition of "soft drinks." Many of these drinks contain harmful amounts of sugar or bitter principles, some of which belong in the habit-forming category. And very rightly he cites the inconsistency of parents who do not permit their children to have coffee and tea at home, but allow them to "refresh" themselves at the soda-water fountain with draughts of far more objectionable beverages. The following chapters on coffee, tea, and cocoa contain detailed information about the production, composition, and modifications of these popular beverages. The rest of the book, and by far the largest part of it, deals with alcoholic drinks. The wine industry abroad is treated very fully, and the great possibility for the production of fine light wines from our own domestic vineyards is suggestively pointed out. The author does not deal with the ethical aspects of prohibition, but it is evident that he is not adverse to the moderate use of beer and light wines, provided their purity can be guaranteed.

THE anonymous author of "Women" (Knopf), writing in England in the summer of 1918, predicts a sex war in England to follow immediately upon the return of the soldiers. He is assuredly himself taking up arms in such a warfare. No book could possibly be more fitted to create sex antagonism than this bitter and vindictive arraignment of women. There is a certain cheap cleverness about it, although we have met most of the accusations before in the works of German students of sex pathology. Some of them have been formulated by Bernard Shaw, whom the author astonishingly brands as "Victorian"; but the sympathy and insight of Shaw's treatment are wholly absent here. Men are pictured as suffering idealists doomed to disappointment in women. Much is said about the "legend"—the ideal image of herself which each woman creates and seeks to impose upon the masculine world. This amazing legend now "has a puncture," now "it is a dead baby," and again "it smells slightly of camphor." "Women have no reserves of self-respect as men have." "Only in man can a woman live." "Women do not like thought. To them it is as horrid, as disconcerting as a black beetle." "Women are enjoying this war." "Women are working, not to help the country, but secretly to gratify the inmost cravings of their vanity. Vanity is the key to their hearts." And so forth, and so on. The book arouses an overwhelming desire to retaliate in kind, as any clever woman could, with an equally formidable indictment of masculine weaknesses and imperfections.

THE foreigner who sets himself to translating Russian poetry would seem, almost invariably, to be attempting a task quite beyond his powers. This probably arises from the wide difference between the soul of Russia and that of non-Slavic Europe. The at least partial failure of Mr. P. E. Matheson, in his volume of translations entitled "Holy Russia and Other Poems" (Oxford University Press), is explained in a measure by the apologia that introduces his preface. "It may seem an impertinence for one who has but lately begun the study of Russian to offer translations to the public. My excuse must be that my reading, such as it is, of Russian lyrics . . . has given me much pleasure." The excuse seems to us insufficient; and it is scarcely to be expected that where so many life-long students of Russian have failed, a mere beginner will succeed. The present versions, like so many others, vary in merit as mere poetry, though they never attain a high standard. They are, however, uniformly un-Russian. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. Matheson is most successful in his translations of poems which are not Russian at all save in so far as they were written by Russians under foreign influences. For example, his rendering of Zadhovskaya's "The Contrast," a poem palpably German in character, is fairly happy; while in dealing with Tolstoy's "The Convicts" and "The Post House" he merely achieves clumsiness. When really successful translations of Russian poetry come to be made, we prophesy that they will be the work of Russians.

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Drama

Dreary Drama in London

London, March 9

THE British Drama at last shows some signs of awakening from the state of coma in which it has been plunged for the past six months or more. No doubt, the black depression of last summer, the over-exhilaration of last autumn, and the turmoil and uncertainty of the present spring, are all equally hostile to serious dramatic work. One author of note, Mr. H. V. Esmond, has scored a success with "The Law Divine" at Wyndham's Theatre. It is a cleverly-written comedy on a very commonplace theme—the danger to domestic felicity arising from a wife's over-absorption in war work and other public interests.

An imaginary monarch is the hero of a play named "His Royal Happiness," by the well-known novelist, Miss Sarah Jeanette Duncan. King Alfred rules over a real kingdom—none other, in fact, than Great Britain and Ireland. While still only second in succession to the crown, he goes to America for his health, and there falls in love with the daughter of an imaginary President. The imaginary King, his father, and the imaginary Prince of Wales, his elder brother, are drowned in a yachting accident; and the question then comes to be: Can a King of England marry the daughter of a President of the United States? In spite of some pusillanimous and unheroic conduct on King Alfred's part, this question is decided in the affirmative. In the discussion one good line occurs—"il y avait un beau vers." "The King of England," says some one, "cannot marry a commoner," and the reply is, "There are no commoners in America."

Miss Duncan is a clever woman, and no doubt hoped to promote good feeling between her native and her adopted country. But she made an artistic, if not a political, mistake. A play which does not interest us can have no effect on our predilections or prejudices. Kings of Ruritania and Presidents of Barataria we can accept readily enough. They belong to the realm of pure fiction, in which the imagination can move at ease. But when you speak of a fictitious King of England—not in the remote future, but, as the costumes and manners proclaim, in the present or the immediate past—the imagination simply says, "I won't play," and the author tries in vain to conciliate or to charm it. Nor are the details of this play happily imagined. An old woodsman of the Adirondacks, Abe by name, permeates the White House and Buckingham Palace at his own sweet will, in an extremely disconcerting fashion.

An American President—not imaginary this time—is the hero of a play which is drawing crowds to a suburban theatre at Hammersmith, in which, by the way, Mr. Arnold Bennett has a managerial interest. "Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater, poet and manager of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, is an unequal, but on the whole an extraordinarily impressive, piece of work. It presents simply and straightforwardly, with great faithfulness to the documents, some half-dozen episodes in Lincoln's career, from the time when he accepts the presidential candidature to his assassination. The name of Lincoln is one to conjure with, and Mr. Drinkwater has wisely relied upon the plain presentation of that grand and simple character to fascinate and move us. One of his episodes—an interview with Frederick Douglass—seemed to me ineffective, inasmuch as Douglass was made up and spoke like a minstrel. It seemed a pity, too, to falsify history by making Lincoln deliver some scraps from his Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural from his box in the theatre immediately before the murder. These are, however, the only serious flaws in an adroit and sympathetic piece of work. The choral intermezzos, delivered between the tableaux by two ladies in singularly ugly and nondescript robes, seemed to most of us disturbing superfluities; but they were easily disregarded. In the book, no doubt, they will make good reading, for Mr. Drinkwater is a poet of distinction.

WILLIAM ARCHER

Art

Industrial Art Production

SATISFACTION with things as they are has made us autocrats in the industrial arts. Many years of achievement and leadership in the mechanical arts of industry, many years of financial success in commerce and business, have led us to believe that success is a continued virtue, not only once granted but always to be ours. Our worship of the cash return and our adulation for the intricate possibilities of wonderfully constructed machines have blinded us to certain fundamental truths to which both the monetary turnover and the process of mechanical execution should be tributary and subordinate. The machine became the exalted assistant, a trusted servant who could command the master. As a consequence, men forgot their own ability; they saw the great possibilities of increased sales as based upon greatly multiplied production, and the American mania for speed came into the ascendant. Only a short time was needed to make producers in the industrial arts so enamored of the process of production that the ultimate object to be attained was lost to sight. The operator controlling a loom or lathe is a decidedly different person from the old-time craftsman; his actual contact with materials has given place to an unfeeling mechanism. Thus he loses sight of the textile design in the process of harnessing up his loom to show what his Jacquard attachment can bring into being. The original craftsman was the accepted means of production, whether of objects of fine art or of objects of utility. When the machine began to demonstrate its ability to do a multitude of things formerly actually requiring human contact, the craftsman as a producer seemed to become unnecessary.

A nation which has grown as rapidly as ours is quick to decide that the quickest way of production is the most desirable. As a consequence it gradually relinquished its hold upon high qualitative standards. Even though a few craftsmen still remained vainly striving against the heavy current of mechanical success which made the product of the machine so much cheaper than their own, the greater number of actual producing agents became machine operatives. Each improvement of the machine reduced the artistic requirement of this operative, so that now he is on no higher level æsthetically than the operative in an automobile factory, except in so far as he may have profited by association with a more beautiful product. But general advance in education and public appreciation is now demanding a constantly higher standard of production from the machine, with the result that human contact in many products is again making itself felt.

These, then, are the industrial art conditions of a democratic nation. The machine has made alleged art products available for all. But instead of raising the standard of product to meet our innate feelings, we have been content to drop our standard of production to the level of the machine. In this way we have prostituted the best servant that has ever been given to man. The result of our error is that poor things have been duplicated in great quantities and have been scattered broadcast, supposedly in response to a public demand. Each poor piece thus distributed has been an agent of moral retrogression; each piece placed in the average citizen's home has been a misdemeanor. The machine in our American dark ages gave to all democratically, but we had not the backbone to hold it to its finest possibilities of production. As soon as a fine piece of work in the industrial arts was required, the additional workmanship so increased the price as to place the product beyond the reach of the citizen whose welfare the machine aimed to serve. It is for this reason that America has become autocratic in the industrial arts. We have relied upon machine production and the reduced standard it encouraged. We have correspondingly removed from the average citizen's sphere the finer products of loom and lathe. It is the evil of autocracy that the few are favored. There is no field of American endeavor in which the

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few are favored more than in the industrial arts. Those of us who see much of Fifth Avenue have a certain recompense for the lack of fine things in our own homes, for we can at least feast our eyes and fill our minds with the pictures of high-priced products there displayed. But when we seek to purchase a necessary piece, when we seek to improve our personal environment, we must rely again upon the misguided machine-produced design. There is no need to censure the machine, which should be a faithful hand-maid of the arts. But the hampering of good designs, the limitation of creative designers, and the ascendancy of business over art must be strongly denounced.

Out of the combination of poor design and rapid production has come a vast miscellany of industrial art products. The whole gamut of the styles of dead times is repeatedly run in the effort for novelty. All past styles are regarded as external garments which may be laid over any type of construction and form. The merest ear-marks are exalted into fundamental characteristics. Each year must see so many "new lines" displayed for public consumption. A steady improvement of really good things is unheard of, except in the most ethereal regions of the individual craftsmen themselves or the very few large firms that are broad-minded enough to give such creative genius scope. We can count on the fingers of two hands the names of firms in the United States which are willing to put the name of a designer upon the product of their factories.

The work of the unknown and underpaid designer is run through the machines and exploited enthusiastically by great articulated business organizations. Frequently the worst product and the most execrable design put forth by this business organization is the most widely distributed. The maker of industrial art objects is still primarily a seller of merchandise, not an agent for bringing to the public the best creative results of our foremost craftsmen. If the manufacturer could see his way clear to the production of excellent designs, would the matter end there? Should we then have a guarantee of fine furniture in our homes? In this connection we must not fail to reckon with the short-sighted, artistically uneducated, all-for-business distributor. Manufacturer, distributor, and dealer form the three-headed Cerberus at the gates of American good taste. It is a moot question whether good things will ever get to our homes with such a watchdog on guard. The distributor pretends to sell what the ultimate consumer demands, or, as he says, "what the public wants." In the guise of effective middleman he controls both manufacturer and consumer; the level of his taste and judgment he believes to be the level of the manufacturer's capacity and the consumer's knowledge. The manufacturer may have the best of intentions in the direction of good design, but must throw taste into the discard when he confronts the dealer with his wares, for the dealer knows his profits. He aims to sell rapidly, not necessarily well. This the dealer himself is beginning to feel; but slowly it may dawn upon him that the consumer has been educated beyond him and is making demands for design and quality which he has not prepared himself to meet.

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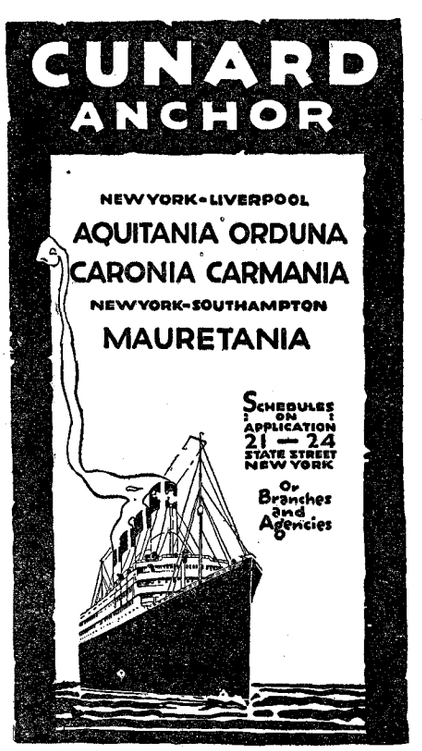

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